National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

A QUESTION FOR CHURCHES.

From The Detroit Free Press.

HAVING succeeded in dividing the Baptist, Methodist, New School Presbyterian and Unitarian denominations into Northern and Southern parts, the next effective work of abolitionism would seem to be division among the Northern Churches of these denominations on political issues. Our readers have been apprised of the excommunication of Deacon G. P. Stebbins, by the Baptist Church of the towns of Alpine and Sparta, Kent Co., in this State, for the sole "offence" of having voted for Mr. Buchanan, and doubtless many of them have thought it an isolated case, which would not constitute an example to be imitated elsewhere. In this, we apprehend, they will find themselves mistaken. So far is it from remaining an isolated case, that it is likely to have recurrence in thousands of instances! This will strike the reader with astonishment at first view, but on reflection he will not marvel at it. Since abolitionism has separated denominations on the slavery question, why should it not separate Churches? Since abolitionism has refused to associate with slaveholders, why should it not refuse association with men who maintain the Constitution and laws which recognise the political rights of slaveholders, and who recognise slaveholders as equals, politically, religiously and socially? Since abolitionism holds slaveholding to be a mortal sin, and since President Buchanan countenances this mortal sin by regarding slaveholders as his fellow-citizens and by appointing them to all sorts of offices, why should it not hold the Northern supporters of President Buchanan to be equally guilty with the slaveholders themselves, on the score that "the partaker is as bad as the thief"?

These are precisely the questions that abolitionism has begun to ask. Does anybody doubt it? If so, let him read the subjoined paragraph, which we take from a letter in the New York *Evangelist*, dated at Concord, N. H., June 2, 1857:

"In New England it will soon become a question for the Churches to decide whether a Democrat shall be received into the Church, or be allowed to remain in it, without discipline. According to the common interpretation of the late decision of the Supreme Court, those who endorse it by their votes or their political influence are doing all in their power to rivet the chains of the slave, to make servitude—involuntary, oppressive servitude—the 'corner-stone' of our National Government, and, at the same time, to secure 'the moral assassination of a race.' The Apostle Paul seemed to indicate that those who '*approve*' of such things are more guilty than those who do them. Our Churches cannot fellowship slaveholders; indeed, some clergymen think their souls in peril by associating with or corresponding with those who consent to meet with them as equals. If Christians at the North cannot sit peaceably with a delegate from the South, how can they tolerate Northern brethren who *approve* of the principles of those delegates and vote as they vote on the great and absorbing question of the day? This aspect of the question is rising in this State. Some pastors have already been unsettled by the withdrawing of Democratic supporters, and the Democratic papers in the State bitterly assail those ministers of the Gospel who dare to apply the Gospel boldly to the subject of slavery."

Northern Christians belonging to the Democratic party, behold the rod that is in pickle for you! It will soon become a question for New England Churches—it has already become a question for a Michigan Church—whether a Democrat shall be received into a Church or be allowed to remain in it. The alternative is presented to you, turn Black Republican, or be turned out of the Church. Hereafter no Church that is not purely Black Republican can be considered within the fold. The gate of the true Church and of Paradise is the Black Republican party. Walk ye therein.

A DISUNION ORATOR.

From The New York Observer.

YALE COLLEGE is not to be held responsible for it, however much she may be dishonoured by the fact, that an avowed disunionist, in the person of Wendell Phillips, was called to address the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at her late Commencement. With the indiscretions of a public meeting of graduates, or undergraduates, the authorities of a college cannot be supposed to be identified. If they were allowed to select the speaker, we cannot suppose that such a man would be called on to mar the festivities of such an occasion as the late Commencement with his radicalism and insolence. That he is an *orator* is no reason why he should be permitted to occupy such a place at such a time. He is not a friend of his country; he is not a friend of the truth. He hates the Constitution; he spits upon the memory of Washington. Such a man, though he could speak with the tongue of angelic eloquence, should not be called on to speak in the hearing of the youth of our colleges. We are pleased to know that in New Haven these views have still a hold, and that the *Register* thus utters its manly and decided sentiments:

"Wendell Phillips, who denounced the Constitution of the United States, two years ago, in Brewster's Hall, as a 'wicked instrument'—who has since slandered the fair fame of the 'father of his country'—and whose name is now conspicuously attached to a call for a traitorous Convention at Worcester, to take into consideration the dissolution of the Union, was called here by one of the leading societies of Yale College (the Phi Beta Kappa) to inaugurate the Commencement Exercises, on Wednesday evening, by an oration in the North Church. We understand that one of the main objects of his discourse was to denounce Edward Everett for his (Mr. Everett's) eulogy on Washington, in aid of the Washington Monument Fund. * * No one will pretend that Wendell Phillips would ever have been thought of for a Commencement orator but for his well-known hostility to the American Constitution, and all who ever favoured it. His demagogue displays in Brewster's Hall, no doubt, brought his name up for the Yale Commencement orator. Mortified as the true friends of the college must be at such a selection, and as every patriotic citizen must be, it will nevertheless have some good effects."

We hope it may. But we are quite sure that no good effects can follow such demonstrations, to compensate for the mischief they work. Our colleges should aim at being the conservators of public sentiment, and, so far as their influence can be exerted, it ought to be on the side of patriotism and sound morals.

DISUNION CONVENTION.

From The Detroit Free Press.

A COMMITTEE appointed by the Massachusetts State Disunion Convention, held at Worcester in January last, have issued a call for a Convention of all the Free States, to be held, at a central point, in October next, "to consider the practicability, probability and expediency of a separation of the free and the slave States." In the circular which accompanies the call it is stated that "it is evident that the mass of Republican voters, in many States, are becoming more radically anti-slavery; and nothing will do so much to promote that desirable change as the fearless discussion we propose." The Convention, it is announced, appeals to three distinct classes of persons:

"1. Those who repudiate the United States Constitution as essentially pro-slavery, and hence abjure all union under it.

"2. Those who, not accepting this view of the Constitution, still concur in the opinion that there can be no permanent union between free and slave States, and that the only practicable solution will be found, sooner or later, in a separation.

"3. Those who, believing in the ultimate triumph of freedom, without disunion, still approve of the agitation of the subject, because they admit disunion to be a *possible* result; and because the discussion will tend, in any case, to strengthen and consolidate the North on the side of freedom."

There can be no doubt that the Garrisonians anticipate a junction of the Black Republicans with them, ultimately, in the dissolution movement; and there can be no doubt, also, that this anticipation is well-founded. Many prominent Black Republicans already openly avow themselves disunionists, and the great body of the rank and file "approve of the agitation of the subject, because they admit disunion to be a *possible* result." Black Republicanism cannot fail to be finally merged in Disunionism. Its every principle is hostile to the perpetuity of the Confederacy; and, as a natural consequence, its every procedure conduces to the weakening of the bonds by which the States are bound together. A great many Black Republicans may still believe themselves to be loyal to the Union; but—if they do so believe—they are deceiving themselves; they are blinding their eyes to the end and aim of the originators and leaders of the organization.

When the Disunion Convention shall meet, next October, if its deliberations are not participated in by members of the Black Republican party, it will at least have the cordial sympathy of a large and powerful portion of the advocates of the Black Republican cause.

DISUNION.—T. W. Higginson, Wendell Phillips, Daniel Mann, W. L. Garrison and F. W. Bird, sub-committee of the "State Disunion Convention" holden at Worcester in January last, have issued a long circular ending with a call for a Convention of all the free States at some central point, in October, "to consider the practicability, probability and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require."

GIVE these men rope enough and they will hang themselves. Or, if they take one step to *do* what they pretend to be attempting, the State will hang them. To talk treason in our country is permitted to traitors and madmen; to act it is another matter.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Selections.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AT YALE COLLEGE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Daily Times.

NEW HAVEN, Thursday, July 30, 1857.

I CLOSED my letter last night as Wendell Phillips commenced his address before the Phi Beta Kappa, in the North Church. I will now endeavour to give you the drift of his speech, which was made without notes or any reference to manuscript.

Mr. Phillips began by alluding to the power and influence which such a collection of educated men as that before him would necessarily exert in their several spheres—and of his natural willingness to seize upon such an occasion to influence such an audience. He announced as his theme the necessity and usefulness of agitation under a form of government like ours. Not only in theory, but in fact, in this country, the people rule. If they submitted to the judgment or to the authority of the wealthy, or of politicians, it was because they voluntarily chose to do so. But they ruled in this very choice. To reach these masses of rulers, agitation is an imperative necessity. The press is one efficient means of accomplishing that object. It has already accomplished for the human mind what gunpowder has accomplished for war. But the masses are more effectually influenced by *oratory personified and intensified in an individual.* This is an age in which ideas rule. But men have been *cowardly* in their expression of ideas. I was recently at the table of a distinguished man, whom, if I should name, all would recognise as a statesman, and I was there told by him that he had not enjoyed the luxury of speaking his own mind for twenty years! There was John Quincy Adams, who, for seventy years, filled a prominent place in public life, and gained the highest honours that his country could bestow, but his best laurels were acquired in the last seven years of his life—a period during which he had the courage to speak out unpalatable truths, and bare his discrowned head to the assaults of every fledgling, in defence of freedom of debate! One of the ripest scholars of Massachusetts, covered with the laurels of fifty years of successful literary enterprises, has taken for his theme the history of our Washington, and passes from city to city, relating the story to admiring audiences. If this history was to be related now, its brightest and most significant feature lies in the fact that Washington, himself a slaveholder, and reared amidst all the associations of slavery, yet had the manliness and courage to put on record his abhorrence of the system. All this Mr. Everett remembered to forget! And no sensitiveness, in speaking of a living orator, should make us quietly bear the loss of this brightest gem in the crown of Washington. This cowardice has extended to the pulpit, also. Mr. Phillips enlarged eloquently on this point, and then went on to say that Agitation is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. It will exist. It cannot be repressed. Truths thrown hissing hot upon the public mind will produce excitement and agitation. Recognising, then, its inevitable existence in our form of society, it is the duty of every educated man to use it for good; in that way to lead the masses to the truth. This Age requires men of courage, martyrs to the truth, if need be the leaders of a forlorn hope. Public opinion, in the end, is certain to be right; not now, perhaps, but in time. It took America two hundred years to learn national independence; and now the nation might be subjected to an absolute authority, and even ground to powder, but you could not make it unlearn the lesson. This should encourage the educated men in every country to a constant and earnest endeavour to shape that public opinion in accordance with the eternal principles of justice and truth. Mr. Phillips spoke nearly two hours, to a house packed full to its utmost capacity. Notwithstanding the crowd and the heat, not a person left the house while he was speaking. The address was moderate in its political tone, extremely eloquent in many passages, and contained little that was not perfectly accordant with the spirit of the occasion. The audience received it with the most hearty applause—not a whit abated in its fervour from that with which Mr. Everett was lately received, when, from the same platform, he related his story of Washington.

From The Independent.

The oration preceded the poem, as the dinner precedes the dessert. What shall we say of the oration? The orator, Mr. Wendell Phillips, had been called, at short notice, to supply a vacancy. After the failure of Senator Sumner, who was the regular successor of Prof. Park, the last year's orator, Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, and some others, as we understand, had been successively elected, and had declined the service for want of time or for other reasons. At last the choice of the Society fell on Mr. Phillips. His answer to the invitation was that he could not supply the vacancy at so short a notice, unless he might be permitted to take for his *thesis* "The Scholar, in a Republic, necessarily an Agitator." With this understanding on both sides, he came to meet a Commencement audience in New Haven. And who is Mr. Phillips? He is vulgarly associated with such agitators as Parker Pillsbury, Abby Kelley, Stephen Foster, Henry C. Wright, and the rest of that troop, with whom, it must be admitted, he is more familiar than we should desire to be. It has been assumed that, because he keeps company with such persons, and appears in their conventions, his taste and intellectual culture, and his religious belief or unbelief, are the same with theirs. The fact is otherwise. He holds, indeed, some extravagant opinions on political and ecclesiastical questions—as Roger Williams did two hundred years ago; but if he has been rightfully reported to us by those who ought to know, he is no more an unbeliever than Roger Williams was. On this occasion, certainly, Mr Phillips propounded neither treason nor infidelity. Nor was there in his discourse anything which went beyond the license heretofore taken by Commencement orators, and particularly by orators before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Surely the Society which endured from one of its orators, not many years ago, an outright apology for the barbarism of duelling, might endure, patiently, much more than all that it heard from the eloquent lips of its latest orator. Mr. Phillips is by profession an agitator; and his oration was, in effect, an apology for his own profession. Regarding that as his special vocation, he has devoted to it the activity of a mind gifted by nature with the force and brilliancy of genius, trained in the best discipline of the schools and the university, furnished with various learning, and polished by exquisite culture. His long practice as a speaker before popular assemblies has made him, perhaps, as nearly perfect in the art of eloquence as any other living man. Never have we seen an audience charmed into a more absolute attention than was that audience, which listened for an hour and a half while he argued to show that continual agitation is a necessity of freedom, and that all well-informed and thoughtful men ought to be agitators.

Correspondence of The Boston Traveller.

The people here are in much excitement about Wendell Phillips and his Phi Beta oration on Agitation. The majority appear to be strong in anti-slavery feeling, but very many doubt the courtesy or propriety of inviting him here just at this time; they say, and justly, that now, when so many Southern men were here, recalled, after so many years, to meet their several classes, it was in the worst taste to make the greatest of their oratoric assailants the chief ornament of the hour; and, indeed, it seems like inviting men to your house and then seizing the chance to score them for the faults of their families at home. I agree with Phillips in many things, but must say that this view of his invited presence, here and now, rather staggers me. The eloquence of the brilliant agitator has, however, taken the town by storm. Much as people had heard about him, they did not anticipate so much pure oratory. Very little for so great a speaker has ever appeared about him. A good sketch or life of him would sell well. All public men may expect to be *lifed* in their lifetime. Phillips is undoubtedly the most brilliant man thrown up to celebrity by the abolition passion.

From The Springfield Republican.

At the Alumni meeting, Mr. Wales, of Delaware, attacked in advance Mr. Wendell Phillips and his announced oration, "The Educated Man an Agitator," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, saying he did not understand that—he wanted no such agitation as implied a change in systems sanctioned by years of experience. * * Mr. Phillips had an immense audience, notwithstanding the fears of the timid and the frowns of the froward, and expounded, in his own inimitable style, the varieties of agitation. Democratic principles (he said) are based upon eternal truth and the eternal welfare of mankind, and they must work out their tendencies, because it is for the interest of the people that they should do so. The business of the scholar is to light his torch and guide them. Even the agitation growing out of modern spiritualism demands the scholar's attention. There may be in it some spark let down from above which belongs to, or will illustrate, some important truth in nature or science, if not in religion. Despise it not, despise nothing; but investigate, and tell the people who look up to you that this is truth, and that is error. Show them the true path and bid them follow you. Do not let them grope in darkness, while you sit with folded arms and sneer at you know not what!

CONVENIENT ORATORS.

From The New York Times.

THERE is a town in Massachusetts called Westfield. This is a piece of intelligence for which we expect our readers to be grateful, for, we venture to say, there is not one in ten of them ever heard of it before.

Yet, it is a pleasant town this of Westfield. Westward its fields slope in the sunshine—tall elms shadow its broad walks, its spacious greens, its squares, its neat lawns. Whoever travels from Berkshire eastward rejoices extremely at the sight of Westfield, for it is a godly and goodly place.

But the glory and majesty of Westfield lay in its whips. Whoever had been badly beaten in all lands added to the glory of Westfield, for Westfield made whips, as Gloucester makes cheese, or as Lynn makes shoes, and Westfield asks no questions after sale.

Nay, a rice crop has been the fuller for the whips of Westfield—nay, a cotton-band has felt the sting of Massachusetts hide when he loitered in the furrows.

So it was but natural that when Westfield invited a distinguished speaker to address it, Westfield should expect an oration of the "regular sort." It is not your men of genius who are popular at once. But your men of whims, caprice and energy, never lose sight of these qualities—they are the Roman cement of existence.

The occasion of the oration was the triennial meeting of the Westfield Annual Association, and the pigeon fidelity, for two men, the leaders of the mob, had pledged who invited Mr. Curtis to make the address to them were, of course, perfectly well informed as to the political opinions of that gentleman, and, from his having done so last year in his orations before several literary associations, they had every reason to believe that he would again improve the opportunity of infusing his opinions into his addresses this year. But he was expected, it seems, to speak after the manner of other men, and to pass with them into the "dusky crypt of darkened things and faces." But Mr. George William Curtis objected. He had certain truths to speak, and he spoke them. Possibly he made overstatements. What of that? Was he not asked to say what he thought, and to say it as strongly as he could?

We learn from the Springfield *Argus* that, when a vote of thanks was offered to the orator for his production and services, Mr. Loomis, of Boston, entered his protest against any thanks being offered to him, believing that a portion of the sentiments contained in his oration were unjust, uncalled for and unworthy of being uttered before an educational association, made up of individuals from various sections of the Union.

The *Argus* volunteers the remark that "Mr. Loomis, by his well-timed remarks, administered a well-merited rebuke to the wolf in sheep's clothing, who thus avails himself of opportunities to scatter his higher-law doctrines, and law-defying sentiments." But the force of Mr. Loomis's objurgations will be somewhat lessened by the information, which we gather from a Boston paper, that he is a Custom-House Officer, and his object was to make himself secure in his place.

Mr. Loomis protested—yea, even to the face of the wicked orator himself—against the vote of thanks usually administered to the orators of Westfield on festival occasions. Why should they thank Mr. Curtis? Had he not outraged the name of the President and spoken disrespectfully of the Attorney-General? Had he not inconveniently made a disturbance when he ought to have promoted peace, and sent everybody home kind and happy, and with a good digestion? This was the duty Westfield expected him to do. This duty all small towns expect of all considerable men. The Winter's lecture, and the Summer's oration, have become institutions, and all innovators upon them are nonconformists of the worst school.

What Mr. Curtis said that so outraged the tender sensibilities of the Custom-House Officer, we are not yet informed. Probably the cruel operator means to try his electrical battery on other mortal men and women, before returning to the charge at Westfield. But whatever he may do or not do, whomsoever he may bamboozle or not bamboozle, we may be sure that his operations will be well combined, and his oration, if he make one, worthy of himself and of the occasion, for to a powerful man, who is prepared for distinction, all events turn a golden side, and wear a splendour of hope that to a saturnine man seems inconceivable.

THE LATEST KENTUCKY MOB.

[In THE STANDARD of August 1st we gave a brief account of the disturbance of a religious meeting and the dragging from the pulpit of the Rev. John G. Fee. The following letter from Mr. Fee himself to the Secretary of the American Missionary Association will be read with interest.]

BEREA, Madison Co., Ky., July 21, 1857.

YOU are aware that, not long since, we erected a meeting-house in Rockcastle County. As the weather grew more pleasant, the congregation became larger and more attentive. A few weeks since we had a protracted meeting which resulted in the conversion of some ten persons who united with the Church. Since then, three more have been added. The prospects for a good Church were daily increasing. The Slave Power, through irresponsible men, sought to arrest its progress by burning our meeting-house. This they did in the dead of night. At the next regular meeting, June 21, a number of reckless men were around the outskirts of the congregation, evidently intending no good. There was no special violence that day, but we learned next day that violence had been intended.

Yesterday (Sabbath) many of these men, with others alike irresponsible, while I was preaching (in an unoccupied dwelling-house), entered, with threats of death and with hands on their weapons. The leading man drew a repeater, presented it at me, and ordered others to take hold of me. By superior force they dragged me from the house, tearing my clothes and injuring my person slightly. I resisted, as I usually do, because I wish them to know I do not surrender a single right willingly, and because I wish the cases might be as clearly obnoxious to law as possible. I did not attempt to injure any one. I do not at any time carry weapons. They led me off about one mile on foot. Most of the mob were on horseback; some had pistols drawn a part of the time.

Here they rested until my horse was brought. One excellent sister, whom I shall ever remember for her true kindness, walked close by my side this distance.

My horse having been brought, they resolved to take me out of the county, with demands that I should not again enter it. This I told them plainly and repeatedly I would not promise—that I was now in their hands, controlled in action by superior force, but the surrender of a right or duty I should not for one moment promise. They then marched me some seven or eight miles, amid jeers, taunts and low vulgarity, to the town of Crab Orchard, in an adjoining county. Brothers McLain and Richardson, who had come from their labours in Pulaski County the evening previous, and were at the meeting, resolved to go with me and witness my fate. Some of the mob threatened them with cowhiding, imprisonment and death. Part of the time they walked and part of the time rode behind the mob, sharing their taunts and verbal abuse. Had all the rest of the friends, male and female, resolved to share with me my fate, as these brethren did, I believe the mob would have been much embarrassed. But they did what they thought was best. This might have made their condition and my own worse.

As we marched along the road, slaves looked on with mingled expressions of amazement and sorrow—masters with laughs and jeers. One impenitent man, with some nobleness of countenance, showed me an act of kindness which much affected my heart.

Another man, who has been, and, I believe, now is, a professing Christian, offered me a cup of water. This I told him I should take in Christ's name. He answered, "Yes," and said to the crowd, "I believe he is a good man, but deluded." Afterward he advised that I be taken out of the county on the underground railroad to Crab Orchard.

Our protracted march gave me opportunities for extended conversations with several of the mob about the treatment of myself, the slave, and concerning their souls' salvation. It also gave me an opportunity to ask myself, "Can you now not only feel sympathy for the poor slave, who is often much more brutally dragged, cuffed and abused than I am, but can you now love *your enemies*, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you?" I felt that I did do this, and told the leading man so.

When we arrived at the town of Crab Orchard, the people gave the mob no cheering reception; the whole thing fell flat. We bade them good afternoon, came to the house of a friend, three miles distant, where we obtained some refreshments and spent the night.

To-morrow, Brother McLain and myself expect to pass through the neighbourhood of our meeting yesterday, to appointments in Pulaski County. Pray for us, that we may be wise and faithful. God will make this wrath of man to praise Him. This, I hope, will waken up the righteous indignation of good men, as Border ruffianism in Kansas did.

A few Christian families from the free States, settling here, would soon put things on a right basis.

Must we despair of emigration because there is not the prospect for gain that was found in Kansas?

On Monday, when we returned to my house, we found a large company of friends had gone in search of us, supposing, from the last information, that we were yet in the hands of the mob.

The excitement is great in this and in Rockcastle County. The better part of the community, even many slaveholders, condemn the conduct of the mob.

LETTER FROM MR. McLAIN.

From The Kentucky News.

MR. EDITOR: The writer went to Cummins, in Rockcastle County, last Sabbath, to hear Rev. J. G. Fee preach at his regular appointment. He had spoken about 15 minutes, when a violent mob of about 30 armed men rushed in upon the congregation, and one of them, holding a revolver just before the breast of Mr. Fee, ordered two others to seize him. They struck him on the head, cursed him, and dragged him, with the most insulting abuse, to the door. He seized the door casing; they tore him off from there, wrenching his arm severely, and tearing his coat nearly off his back. They stood, with arms, and drove back all who offered any resistance. They proceeded about two miles and halted; here they discussed what to do with the victim. Some proposed to hang him. Some said kill him, &c. &c. Two of his friends only went with him through it all—J. C. Richardson and the writer. They here threatened us with whipping, lynching, &c., and proposed giving us 200 lashes with the raw hide. This was doubtless done to intimidate us. Finding they could not succeed, they agreed we might go along, but not until I charged them with their lack of and not be disturbed. Said I, what is your word and honour good for if I can't go, as you promised? They consented we might go, but said it would be all the worse for us if we did. They took us then, but forbid us speaking to each other, and marched us off out of Rockcastle County into Lincoln, where we arrived the same evening, Sunday. Here we were dismissed, but charged distinctly not to preach again in Rockcastle County. Why were Rev. J. G. Fee and his friends thus insulted, called horse-thieves, nigger-thieves, licentious, &c.? Because he dared to exercise the constitutional right of liberty of speech, and his friends were insulted because they worshipped God according to the dictates of their conscience.

What is the freedom of our country good for when an orderly citizen and minister of the gospel is dragged along through the public highways like a manacled slave! What has been the effect of mob law on the value of property in Louisville, Ky.? The public journals there say she has lost millions thereby. What will be the result throughout any country where anarchy and misrule prevail? How long will slave property be safe if the people of Kentucky, or any other State, encourage such violence? What is law good for if it cannot be enforced against such desperadoes? Sir, I have been among seamen, soldiers and boatmen, but never, in the same space of time, have I heard, I think I can safely say, one-fourth the amount of obscene and vulgar language I was compelled to hear last Sabbath afternoon. And is such the state of things in Kentucky!

I am yours for liberty of speech, J. M. McLAIN.

DRED SCOTT LAW ATTACKED IN A NEW QUARTER.

THE opinions of Judge Taney and his supporters upon the Supreme Bench in the case of Dred Scott have already been pretty well riddled by a vigilant and intelligent press. A coach and six has been driven up and down through a hundred spacious breaches in their legal, historical and political learning.

We are glad to see the attack renewed, and a vigorous onset made in behalf of classical learning, in an article upon "passages in the opinion of Judge Daniel," which appears in the August number of the *New Englander.* This article is attributed to the pen of President Woolsey, of Yale College; it undertakes to show that Judge Daniel, in citing, as he did, in the course of his opinion, the authority of Gibbon and the Institutes of Justinian, has entirely misunderstood both of them; that the positions which he sought to sustain by their aid are precisely the opposite of what they establish; and, moreover, that they are shown to be so by these very citations which the Justice blindly makes.

The question is one not so much of law as of the facts of ancient history and the interpretation of the Latin language, on which it cannot be denied that President Woolsey is a competent critic. He attacks the positions of Justice Daniel with a polished weapon, and it is interesting to see how handsomely he puts his antagonist to rout, and pursues him, flying before the point of his spear, down through the whole course of Roman history.

Mr. Justice Daniel argues that the emancipation of a slave does not make him a citizen, and, in order to sustain his position, cites the analogies of the Roman law. According to this law, as he avers, during the whole period of the Republic and of the Empire, down to the time of Justinian, a slave was not made a citizen by becoming a freedman. Gibbon's History and certain passages in the Institutes are quoted in support of this assumption.

The writer in the *New Englander* is led by Judge Daniel's classical citations into a brief but learned examination of Roman History, from the age of Servius Tullius down to that of Justinian, in the course of which he shows that the Justice has entirely failed to apprehend the real meaning of the authorities upon which he relies.

In the first place, Judge Daniel is convicted of a great blunder in translating the Institutes; he interprets the Latin term *ingenuus* (*freeborn*) by the word *free*, thereby making the Roman law to say that a slave, by becoming a *libertinus* or freedman, "who was certainly not an *ingenuus*, and never could become one, was not in the full sense a freeman." "This blunder," says the article in question, "is repeated over and over again, although the sense makes it absurd, and although the word *liber*, which occurs as the genus of which the *ingenuus* and the *libertinus* are the species, ought to force upon any thinking man the suspicion that all could not be right in the translation."

We cannot undertake to quote at length the processes of the learned professor's argument. It is enough to mention some of the results which are arrived at. And these are: *First*, That, under the Republic, freedmen were not only citizens, but more than that, "they had the right of suffrage, which a citizen did not necessarily enjoy." *Second*, That on the establishment of the Empire, "a system was commenced by which freedmen were divided into classes with different rights, some being excluded from citizenship, others forming a rank between citizens and aliens, and others still having as full civic rights as under the Republic"; and *third*, That the legislation of Justinian, abolishing these distinctions and making all freemen citizens, did not, as Judge Daniel supposed, set up a new order of things, but restored the old order of the Republic.

"Judge Daniel," says the reviewer, "has misunderstood Gibbon, as he has misunderstood the Institutes of Justinian. * * * He (Gibbon) compared not the republic with the empire, but the dawn of the empire with its decline. * * * * * *

"We should not have pursued this subject at so great a length, nor laid bare the ignorance of a Judge of our highest Court on a subject where he ought to speak *ex cathedra*, did we not believe that the authority of one who has given his sanction to a most flagrantly wrong decision deserved to be weakened. He has appealed to Roman institutions for an analogy to support what we believe to be bad law. We have shown that the analogy fails entirely—in fact that it is against him."—*Evening Post.*

SOUTHERN MANNERS ILLUSTRATED.

From The Lancaster (Pa.) Express, August 3.

ON Saturday a difficulty occurred at the Ephrata Mountain Springs, which came near having an unpleasant termination. The particulars, as far as we have been able to gather them from the many flying reports in regard to the matter, are about as follows: It appears, at the dinner-table, after most of the boarders had retired, a gentleman named White, from Baltimore, got into an altercation with one of the coloured servants, who, he alleged (wrongly, as it subsequently turned out), carried away his plate, upon which he had just ordered meat. The charge was denied by the servant, when high words took place between the two, which ended by the former picking up a tumbler and hurling it at the head of the latter. The servant evaded the flying missile by dodging, and directly made towards Mr. White in a menacing manner, and struck him in the face, urged on, it is said, by the other servants in the room. The noise of the disturbance immediately filled the room with the guests of the house, principally Southerners, who caught the servant and forced him from the room. Considerable confusion followed the fracas, and a meeting was soon afterwards called and attended by nearly all the boarders of the house; the proceedings, however, were conducted altogether by gentlemen from the South, of whom there are several hundreds at the Springs. Speeches were made denouncing the conduct of the servant in very severe terms, and even counselling violence to his person.

From all the statements which were made at the meeting, the sympathies of the crowd seemed very much in favour of Mr. White, not only by the boarders from the South, but also from the North, and things were in a fair way for adjustment when a gentleman from Baltimore, whose name we did not learn, arose and made a violent speech, denouncing "free niggers" in general, and, very indiscreetly, we think, reflected sharply upon Pennsylvania and her laws. Previous to this the Pennsylvanians present said not a word; but for gentlemen from the South to come into the very heart of our State and denounce its people and its institutions was more than they were willing to let pass by in silence; and a gentleman from Philadelphia, whose name we were unable to learn, interrupted the speaker, and replied with much animation, vindicating Pennsylvania from the charges made by the "chivalric son" of the sunny South, and saying in very plain terms the Baltimorian did not tell the truth. The Philadelphian was backed up by others from the North, and then followed a scene of the greatest confusion, which threatened for a little while to lead to very serious consequences.

Much excitement existed, and ill-feeling was felt during the day and evening, the Southerners demanding the expulsion of the servant from the house and threatening that, if he appeared at the tea-table, he would be severely dealt with. The servants of the house also held a meeting, and resolved, if he was expelled, to leave the establishment in a body. The matter continued in the same unsettled state until some time yesterday, when the servant left the establishment in such a way as to satisfy the others, and at last accounts all was quiet at the Springs.

BLACK LAWS OF ILLINOIS.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

AMBOY, Ill., July 24, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS: For some time past our town has been excited and our State disgraced by an attempt at the enforcement of those leprous disfigurements of our statute books, known as the "Black Laws of Illinois." The circumstances are briefly these: Some time last spring a mulatto, named DeBlaine, came to Amboy and set up a barber's shop. A collection of loafers, who feared the competition of this negro's respectability as compared with their own—a most just apprehension—determined that he should not remain in the place if they could break up his business or bully him out of town. In pursuance of this high-minded enterprise, DeBlain's sign and stove-pipe were stolen, and the windows smashed in. This was supposed to be strictly in accordance with the views of the Supreme Court of the United States, and our slightly gigantic Senator. It declared conclusively that the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. DeBlaine, however, continued to mind his own business, which accumulated so that he finally sent for an assistant. This exasperated the bullies in the highest degree. One of them, named Bingham, went into DeBlaine's shop and knocked him down with a heavy cane, striking him, of course, when the blow was unexpected. DeBlaine fell senseless to the floor. Bingham was arrested and fined $15 and costs. Bingham then made another attempt to take the life of the barber and was rearrested. I understand the prosecution was withdrawn with the understanding that persecutions against the barber should definitely cease.

It was supposed that matters had now been brought to a satisfactory close. Two violent assaults had been made on the unoffending man, and the ruffians had escaped with the ridiculous penalty of a $15 fine. It would hardly do for the rowdies to make another murderous attack on the object of their malice. Public opinion would have assisted them to the suburbs on a three-cornered rail. A new system of tactics was resorted to. Bingham fished the "black chapter" out of the Revised Statutes and got out a process for DeBlaine, charging him with the flagrant offence of living in the State of Illinois ten days, with the intention of remaining. *Per contra*, Bingham was put under $500 bonds to keep the peace. The process for DeBlaine was put into the hands of an officer, who summoned a crowd of lewd fellows of the baser sort to hunt the negro. A motion was made that they commence with Mayor Wyman's house. That gentleman, however, suggested to them that due regard for their personal safety would send them to any other quarter of the city. DeBlaine was finally arrested, but the trial was postponed until the prosecution was withdrawn, with the intention, as alleged, of transferring it to another tribunal. Finally, DeBlaine, harassed and worn out with the bitterness of his persecution, his life constantly in danger and his property destroyed whenever the cowardly thieves could lay their hands on it, left the city and will not probably return. It was entirely unnecessary for him to take this course, as no officer in the County could have been found to execute the provisions of the atrocious law, and, so far as personal violence was concerned, he would have been protected against the assassins by a force which the scurvy vagabonds would never choose to come into collision with *twice*. LEE.

KIDNAPPING—PERSECUTION.

CAIRO, Ill., July 19, 1857.

Our town has been for the last few days subject to one of the occasional excitements, without which we could not live.

It has for some time past been rumoured that some of our old citizens, supposed to be connected with a similar gang on the Missouri side, were engaged in the business of kidnapping free negroes, running them over to the Missouri shore, and there selling them. Nothing, however, was definitely known until last week, when it was discovered that two free negroes had been taken over for the purposes of sale; one of them swam the Mississippi River, and returned naked to Cairo, beaten and horribly mangled about the head.

Since that time, and perhaps before it, the same gang, with others, have been engaged in a warfare with the free negroes of the town, shooting at them from the weeds, endeavouring to break into their houses, &c. On Saturday night a party of white men attacked a house situated near the Methodist church They commenced by breaking in the doors and windows, were fired upon by the negroes, and returned the fire, and soon the negroes precipitately fled. One of the negroes was slightly wounded in the back, and one of the white men had one side of his face shot off, whether by his friends or negroes is not known. The furniture of the house was entirely demolished, and about a dozen pistol balls were left within it.

Sunday morning the Mayor called together the citizens who were in favour of law and order, and a posse of thirty or forty was selected, divided into two bands and proceeded to search for the rioters. Three were arrested, viz., J. Q. Stancil, Thos. Ewing and —— Gatilin. All were committed until Monday for examination. On Monday they were admitted to bail until Tuesday morning, when they were examined before the Police Magistrate, and all but Thomas Ewing discharged. In the afternoon, all three were again examined under a charge of kidnapping, and were held to bail to answer that charge.

During the day many called for the expulsion of all the free negroes from the town, and two were arrested under the "Black Law." They were both fined—one $25 and the other $50—paid their fine, and left town. The free negroes then took the alarm and fled precipitately, most of them taking refuge in Mound City.

The same evening, the excitement of the people requiring something to vent itself upon, it was remembered that one Dr. William Wood, who had once been cowhided and once run off from the town, was a disgusting object, particularly with respect to assertions he had made about a young lady in town, and the populace resolved upon tar-and-feathering him. When this declaration was made known, the Mayor and several of the principal citizens waited upon the individual, caused him to sign a paper declaring that every assertion he had made by affidavit or otherwise with regard to the young lady in question was false, and be left on the evening train. Nothing further of excitement has occurred to date.

BRUTALITY—A WHITE MAN TREATED AS A SLAVE.

From The Cincinnati Times.

A VETERAN pauper, sunburnt, disheveled, unwashed and filthy, whose only name was Almer, was examined in the Probate Court in this city, yesterday, as to his mental condition. He stated he was a native Kentuckian; that a man around whose house he loitered put him in a skiff and carried him to a steamboat, which brought him to the city to stay "a spell." He understood all questions put to him, but exhibited a profound ignorance on ordinary subjects. Dr. Muscroft certified that he was an idiot. He was sent to the asylum.

A gentleman called upon us last evening, and says he is well acquainted with this unfortunate and his history. As he relates the latter, it presents an almost unparalleled instance of brutality. He says that Almer is a white man, and was born and raised in Boone Co., Ky. He is short-witted or foolish, and has been so from his cradle. He lost his natural protectors at an early age, and unfortunately fell into the hands of a man whose name we have, and who was the owner of a number of slaves, and a hard master at that.

Our informant states that this man numbered Almer among his slaves, forcing him to labour and live with them, and subjecting him to all the hard usage and severe discipline that was imposed upon the negroes. Complaint was often made by the neighbours of this treatment of a half-witted white man, but the response was that it was only by such means his services could be made to pay.

Our informant has not been in the vicinity for a year or two past, but he is confident that the hard usage this poor fellow has received from his *master* has worsted his mental condition, and made him the complete wreck he now presents. He infers, and very justly, too, that the white slave being of no further use to his cruel master, or, in other words, being unable to make his services pay, the master shipped him to this port, to become a burden upon the community. That is, having worn him out, body and mind, he rids himself of the incumbrance by the cheapest possible way!

If this is true, it presents a case of barbarous cruelty that is revolting. Our informant is a stranger to us, but is a young man of apparent candour and reliability. The incoherent story of the victim seems to confirm his statement.

FIRST OF AUGUST AT HOPEDALE.

From The Practical Christian

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

THE DISUNION CONVENTION.

We think that those of our readers who keep an eye on the newspapers, and on the Pro-Slavery Department of The Standard, must have had the importance of the Convention soon to be held, probably at Cleveland, fully impressed on their minds. If seeing ourselves as others see us be a thing much to be desiderated as a help to self-knowledge, the knowledge of how others, and especially our enemies, look upon what we are about or propose doing is, perhaps, the very best way of learning the true character of our course in either case. It is safe, as a general rule, to do what our enemies wish us not to do, and it is by a pretty close observance of this rule of action that the Abolitionists have made the mark they have upon the country. We have always been the objects of the kindest solicitude. At every stage of our progress we have been warned of the mischief we were doing to our own cause, and pointed to the more excellent way which would lead us to the end we wished to compass. If we would not ruin our prospects and retard the emancipation of the slaves from two hundred years to eternity, we must let the Colonization Society alone, if we would not make use of its blessings; we must be cautious how we arrayed either of the great political parties against us; we should piously shut our eyes to the little infirmities of our Mother Church in the little matter of devouring her own children, and of welcoming Slavery to the table of her Master, and pouring the waters of baptism upon its brow.

And so on, at every step in our changeful history, we have been denounced for making it a wrong one, and, though slavery were a Divine Institution and part and parcel of Republicanism and Christianity, we were very worthy of blame for not proceeding in a way that should be effectual utterly to destroy it. But the Abolitionists were ever a headstrong generation, and they followed the light of their own eyes and flew directly in the face of the wisest and most statesmanlike man, and did the things that were the most unpleasant to Our First Men in Church and State, and made a very unpleasant disturbance wherever they happened to find themselves. They would persist in compelling people to think of those inelegant negroes at the South, to whose existence all manner of people had agreed to shut their eyes, and in making the very pew-cushions uncomfortable to the Saints, and the ward-rooms and ballot-boxes uneasy to the Sinners, by reason of their incessant importunity in behalf of those unpleasant and intrusive individua's. But though the course of the Abolitionists has not commended itself to the approbation of men of weight and influence in Church and State, it has answered precisely the purpose they had proposed to themselves. They have done exactly what they meant to do, and that is what not many of the wise and prudent, as the world calls such, can say of themselves. The first and essential thing to be done in an organized attack upon such a system as slavery was to draw people's attention to it; to force them to know of its essential nature and necessary accidents; to keep its image, in all its ugliness, continually before their eyes. And we humbly hope that it will not be denied by anybody, North or South, that we have done *that*.

There was, perhaps, no more critical moment in the history of our Movement than the one when we felt compelled to take up our position against the Constitution and the Union. The slaveholders and their Northern abettors felt that profane hands had been laid on the Ark of the Covenant of Slavery. Slavery knew by the infallibility of instinct that its enemies had learnt where was its vital part and were arming their hands against it. John Quincy Adams was baited for many days in Congress, and it seemed at first as if his expulsion was sure, for presenting a Northern petition for a Dissolution of the Union, couched in the identical words of one from South Carolina, in 1832, which was received and referred without censure. In this City, that Judge in Israel, Mordecai Manasseh Noah, charged the Grand Jurors that, if we should be mobbed for considering the question of Dissolution (which he allowed we had a perfect legal right to do), they should indict—not the rioters, but—us for having provoked a breach of the peace! And, in all likelihood, nothing but the fact that the great race between Boston and Fashion came off that day, and distracted the attention of the patriotic multitude from us, prevented the riot which the Recorder of New York thus solemnly recommended from the Bench. But this was not the worst that we had to endure. Many earnest and faithful Abolitionists, who had stood side by side with us in all the earlier persecutions and distresses, could not longer see eye to eye with us in this matter, and left us and walked with us no more.

But Time, which tries all things, has set his seal upon this measure of ours, also. Our agitation of this question, and the notoriety which has been given to it by the malice of the adversary, have done much to disenchant the general mind of the low and ridiculous superstition which profligate politicians had tried to throw about the institutions of the country, for their own base and selfish purposes. The Abolitionists vindicated the Right of the Free Discussion of the Articles of Partnership under which we transact our National affairs, which such Angelical Doctors as Webster would erect into Articles of Faith which it were heresy and blasphemy to question. The people have learned to consider that the Constitution of the United States was an agreement framed by men for certain human occasions, and not a patent that had come down direct from the Chancery of Heaven. The Union formed under it men have learned to regard as a partnership for the doing of certain things and the accomplishment of certain ends, and that, if it hinders instead of helping these matters, there is no more harm in dissolving it than if it were one for the sale of salt-fish or calico. The old twaddle, indeed, is still talked, and by none more loudly than by special Republican editors and politicians, but, like the Roman augurs, they laugh in their sleeves and, in safe places and companies, they laugh right out at the transparency of the humbug they think it advisable to maintain for the present distress. The Sacredness of the Constitution has been impeached before the country and all mankind, and the duty of maintaining the Union for the sake of the Union is seen by all men of sense to be the tricky *formula* of political jugglers that it really is.

In the fulness of time, after the experience of the late general election, and the proof it gave of the omnipotence given to the minority, in virtue of their ownership of human beings, over the majority, by the craft of the Constitution and the cunning of the Union, men not identified with the American Anti-Slavery Society were found ready to approach this subject, to calculate the value of the Union and to weigh the Constitution in the balance of common sense. Such men, with the coöperation, of course, of those of us who had long received the same doctrine, met at Worcester, last Winter, and initiated an independent movement in the same direction. The obloquy which was heaped upon that Convention and the men that assisted at it, the denunciation and the ridicule that were aimed at it, and by those, too, who claimed to be eminently the friends of truth and freedom, authenticated this attempt as one in the right direction, and proved that it was made at the right time. Encouraged by what that Convention developed of a hearty spirit of coöperation in quarters whence such assistance had not been hoped for, and also of a bitter intensity of opposition not less significant and hopeful, the Committee appointed by it have issued the Call which our readers have seen in our columns for several weeks, summoning a more general assembly at a more central point, probably Cleveland, Ohio, on a day to be named, probably at the end of October. That it will be a gathering worthy the dignity and vital importance of the work to be done, we think we are safe in predicting.

But in order that it may be such, there is a work to be done, and one in which all our readers may assist, and that in the most material manner. In the first place it is essential that as large a number of names should be obtained to the Call as is possible; and, in the second place, that as large a number of those that sign the Call should be present in the flesh at the Convention. For the accomplishment of the first essential, all that is necessary is the thorough canvassing of every vicinage by faithful men or women. Forms for signature have been extensively circulated, and probably few of our readers are without one. In case of omission, the form is easily copied from the copy in our columns, or blanks can be obtained by application to the Secretary of the Committee, Mr. Joseph A. Howland, at Worcester, Massachusetts. We believe that a thorough examination of every neighbourhood would disclose a much larger amount of sympathy with this movement than those of little faith are ready to believe. At any rate, the mere presentation of the opportunity would awaken reflection and give occasion to discussion, which could not but be most beneficial. We most earnestly invite and urge all who feel any interest in this matter to bestir themselves in forwarding it, in the full faith that they cannot fail of their reward. And, when they have done their part in the preparation, we trust they will not withhold themselves from the fruition, but help to accomplish what they have helped to initiate. The approaching Convention will yield to none ever held in the country in the gravity of its discussions or in the solemnity of its issues. It will be an historical event which no one can afford to miss of, who, by any inconvenience to his affairs, or any added stringency of his economies, can compass an attendance.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the Celebration of the First of August at Abington, Mass.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MR. YERRINTON.

Mr. President: I wish to second the motion of our friend, Mrs. Foster [for the raising of "material aid"]. It is the most important consideration that can be presented to-day. I do not know how many of you consider yourselves Abolitionists, how many may be ranked as Republicans, and how many came here out of mere curiosity; but to those of you who consider yourselves pledged for the war, who mean not to relax your efforts until slavery itself goes down, who are willing the battle should be *New England against the Carolinas—God save the Right!* no matter how long it lasts—to you I speak. And yet I am almost ashamed to speak, after that voice to which we have just listened. I know, you know, that the self-sacrifice of her who has spoke shames us all; that if each of us had laboured half as faithfully in our sphere as she has worked in hers, Massachusetts had been a very different State from what she is. Conversing with Henry Wilson, a month ago, on the Republican policy and the nomination of Mr. Banks, he said, "You know Massachusetts is not half so anti-slavery as she pretends to be, and we could not do anything better." I could not say but that he was right. Massachusetts is not half so anti-slavery as she pretends to be. It is our duty to make her thoroughly so; and the only way by which we can do it is by constant, unceasing *agitation*. Great self-sacrifice, great effort and labour are demanded of us. I claim it of you, Abolitionists, on two grounds. In the first place, we pretend to more than the politician does. He has merely a present end to serve; we have a great principle to plant, and make practical. The politician does not ask of the slaveholder what we do. He only asks him to yield the Territories; we ask him to yield his all. How can we look in the face of the slaveholder, whose social position, wealth, customary ease, family and children's future consequence, are all dependent on retaining his slaves, and claim that he shall obey an abstract rigid rule of right, and yield these all, and then glance along our own ranks, and think how cold, poor and reluctant are our sacrifices to testify our real faith in the need and glorious good of this great change? It is an insult even to the sinners of the Carolinas for any one to claim of them the freedom of their slaves until he has proved his own real faith and interest in justice and right by fitting sacrifice and effort to make them recognised and loved. Nine out of ten of you do not even sacrifice the ballot, although your efforts to defend it prove nothing but a conscience ill at ease. You are not ready to sacrifice it, although you ask of the slaveholder the sacrifice of everything to the most rigid principle. How much do you suppose he can ever respect or trust you? We are bound to be more liberal and devoted than any other class; we are bound to this by the very nature of our demands. We ought to excel, in the self-devotion of our efforts, every other benevolent machinery that was ever instituted in New England. We are pushing truth, rigid justice, to its utmost extreme, and unless we show a corresponding life, we insult the community we address.

You know very well, every one of you, Republican as well as Abolitionist, that the pulpit under which you sit, as at present constituted, cannot preach the anti-slavery cause. Every man of you recognises the fact that the clergyman to whom you listen, by the very nature of his position, unless he incurs beggary, unless he preaches himself out of the pulpit, cannot preach radical anti slavery. It is but a few months since that I rode a dozen miles with a clergyman who had preached himself out of two pulpits. I see before me an Abolitionist whose conscience has driven him out of two means of livelihood. But where shall I find here to-day the other nine such? Yet *every one* of you would feel at liberty to criticise the pulpit efforts of my clerical friend; every one of you would feel at liberty to show how short they were of what they ought to be. Earn the right by doing better than he in your own sphere. Has any one a right to criticise one morally above him?

Both your religion and your politics are in fetters. How is Anti-Slavery ever to be preached? You must preach it by your daily life, by your daily teaching, by the liberality with which you communicate the means to others to preach it. I know I am laying down a rule which requires great sacrifice—yes; but when Democracy made you kings, it at the same time laid great responsibilities upon you; and these Democratic institutions of ours cannot be maintained in their purity unless there be underneath the ordinary routine of common Republican life a spirit of martyrdom in the minority, to go into the desert, like John the Baptist, and devote themselves to raising the community to a higher level. Other governments get along very well. Now and then they have a spasmodic fever fit, a martyr age. England had it in the Puritans, and in Wickliffe—France in the Huguenots—Italy in Rienzi and Savonarola—Germany in Luther and Huss; but too often that soon passes away, and the people sink back to their former level. But a Republic is different. There must be all the time a forlorn hope, willing to work without expecting reward or even appreciation, walking side by side with the majority, to save them from prostituted divines and corrupting politicians—from the perilous influence of public opinion, making slaves of all it touches. It is the worst of tyrants—it is the American devil, this vassalage to public opinion; every man afraid of his fellow. To meet and crush it, you who think you see a little higher on the level of principle are bound to extraordinary efforts to manifest it, and sustain those who think they can sustain the age a little. The Abolitionist who has pledged himself for the war has a hard battle to fight. If he is not ready for it, he had better turn his back and go into the Republican ranks—he will find an easier place there. We want your money; if you believe what you profess, we have a right to it. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of you hire a seat in a church, and pay a pew tax for yourselves, your wives and your children; and if you are Abolitionists, you believe that anti-slavery, though not everything, is yet better gospel than that preached in the meeting-houses; yet you give anti-slavery fifty cents, and the meeting-house five dollars (laugh er and applause). I met a man the other day, in Worcester, after Abby Kelley Foster had spoken of the sacrifices which fidelity to our pledge demands, and this heroic reformer told me the cause had been no sacrifice to him. I thought he was about to express the lofty idea, that its value to his own soul, in the broader vision it had given him, more than compensated for all that it had cost; but, bless you! nothing of the sort. He added, "When I belonged to the Church, and the Missionary and Tract and Bible Societies, it cost me thirty dollars a year; now I've quit them, I get along with giving you five" (laughter). Here was a come-outer, truly, from the whole of them, and his godliness was gain, since he saved twenty dollars by the experiment! And, shame to say, many an Abolitionist does the like.

Now, if this principle which we preach be indeed the gospel, if it be, politically, the salvation of the country, if religiously it be the hope of the Church, if your interest and confidence in it are deep and strong, then we should not be obliged to stand here and plead for five or ten thousand dollars—the means of turning Massachusetts upside down. I asked an Ohio Member of Congress why Gov. Chase did not sustain the Supreme Court, and demand of them that they should arrest the drunken United States Marshals, and punish them by the law of Ohio? "Sir," said he, "Gov. Chase would like well to do it, but there is not the public opinion to sustain him." How is such a public opinion to be matured? Not by politicians, not by the Church, but by you and those who sympathize with you, from Massachusetts to Ohio, in radical Anti-Slavery feeling. We must take up this torch of hated truth, and flare it in the face of the nation. If we do not, with an earnestness proportionate to the occasion and the need, we not only shall not make any progress, but we shall lose what we have already gained. To-day, the French Emperor is proposing to reopen the slave trade, and, judging by the debate in the English House of Commons, the feeling of the English public in regard to it is a weak and hesitating one. He proposes, by government machinery, to import negroes into the French West Indies. From the centre of Africa they are to be carried to the Colonies, and kept five years. See the unblushing hypocrisy of this scheme! Fancy the scene, and *Punch* is the only page worthy to show it. A French captain, with a piece of paper in his hand, advances into the centre of an African village. He cannot speak a word of their language; they cannot speak a word of his. Holding a large law-sheet of paper in his hand, he says to them, always by signs, "Here is a contract, by which you are to serve five years in the French Colonies; you are to have a franc a week." They never saw a franc; they do not know whether it is a potato, a pomegranate, or an insect. They are to be made to sign the contract. How is the barbarian to assent to the contract—what neighbouring Probate Court is to appoint a guardian to assent for him—when signed, where is the paper to be kept? The man cannot keep it in his pocket, for he has no clothes. Where is he to put his franc?—in an iron safe? Who is in the West Indies to testify that the five years' apprenticeship has ended—that he is the man who made his mark on the banks of the Niger? The plan is ludicrous in its hypocrisy, as well as devilish in its wickedness. It is simply a government scheme to restore slavery; and against this scheme the British public is hardly to be roused. Why? Because the anti-slavery of Great Britain never was planted on the granite of radical principles; it never shook England as ours has shaken these thirty-one States. It made no change in the character of the English people. It was spasmodic and superficial—not a radical movement. They never dared to meet the subject in its length and breadth, and the moment the act of emancipation was passed almost all trace of the struggle vanished. All honour to those who have sprung with Old World fidelity to meet the crisis, and are trying to keep spotless the trophies of the noblest triumph even England ever gained. It gladdens our hearts, in our own darkness, to see the old standards flashing across the European sky. The trumpet-note that rung out by the side of Wilberforce and Clarkson still demands justice, and holds England to old honour in the voice of Brougham. And Harriet Martineau's pen, as always, moves first. She, whose keen insight, and thorough knowledge of American affairs, are never at fault, as well in her unflagging and zealous industry under such severe illness, would surprise even us who know her, did we not know also how near the slave is to her heart.

The same commercial and political temptation which has cooled and confused England is bearing the American mind backward with constancy and strength, and we have need yet of fanaticism to resist it. Men say we are crazy. I wish every man here was indeed crazy, and would go through Massachusetts and New England and bite every one he meets (laughter). And even then, there would be hardly insanity enough in New England to balance State Street. We need intense personal and class excitement to drag forward this immense weight of calm that commerce and self-interest lay on the heart of the nation. And in order to do that, you yourselves, indoctrinated in a rude, radical gospel, are bound to supply the means to send it to every part of the country. Here sits our friend Foss. They want him at the West. He can collect thousands in Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois. There is the grandest, the whitest and the richest harvest-field. Unless Anti-Slavery digs it up, Douglas will be re-elected. I saw a distinguished citizen of Illinois a few days ago, and asked him, "Have you much hope of putting down Douglas?" "Not very much," he replied, "he lies too fast (laughter). We cannot keep up with him." The Republicans of the West dare not compromise themselves by an alliance with radical Garrisonian anti-slavery. They have endeavoured to save the State by arguing about Kansas and the Missouri Compromise; but Douglas, by one of his teetotal lies, digs round under their feet, and blows them sky-high. But if they had undertaken to educate the people in that teetotal anti-slavery which we have taught in Massachusetts, it would be an education that might give hope such as Douglas would not be suffered longer to disgrace the State in the Senate. Here in Massachusetts, the attempt is making to thrust Banks down the throat of the Republican party; and, thank God! he don't go down easily. There is a large minority in the County of Worcester who refuse to touch him, even at the risk of breaking up the Republican party, and securing the election of Gardner. Let us be grateful for so much! I had rather have the Republican party beaten than, by such base subserviency to the expediency of the hour, learn that they can make principle the mere appendage to interest, and triumph under it. When they have learned the lesson that this campaign will teach them, they will learn that even *they*, with all their vast experience of that kind, cannot bargain so adroitly but that the devil, in the shape of the present Governor, will cheat them (loud applause). Do not say I am personal, in speaking thus of Gov. Gardner. Oh! no, not personal. To the making of a person there must be a heart. He is a mere mask, a phantasm, a nightmare, that has rested for three years on the Commonwealth; the moment you wake the people from the dream they are dreaming, that this is an Anti-Slavery State, and make them a reality what they only dream they are now, they will get rid of the nightmare—and I hope they will not before.

Do not blame me when I speak thus of Henry J. Gardner. What is the duty of the minority? Do not blame us when we speak bitterly as we can of the man who makes Anti-Slavery his lying step up to office. What is the duty of a minority in this country? A minority has no right to rebel. On Republican principles, it is not only not expedient to rebel, but we have no right to rebel. The majority have said the thing shall be so. What is our duty? It is not to resist, it is to convert. And how shall we convert? If the community is in love with some monster, we must paint him truly. The duty of a minority being to convert, every tool which the human mind knows it is their right and duty to use; a searching criticism, pitiless sarcasm, bitter invective, rigid analysis of motives, constant recurrence to the admitted facts of a man's career—these are our rights, if our function is to save the people from delusion. It is no malice, it is no personal bitterness of feeling, therefore, that causes this constant criticism. When the people's cause is endangered, when justice is outraged, when the right is invaded, that man is not a Christian, he is a fool, who shows himself peaceful; we are never to be silent, never to be appeased, never to be anything but implacable. We are to seize the criminal by the hand of the law, if possible, and, if not, we are to make the public press and history seize him, and scourge him from day to day with the red-hot iron whip of truth, and let history brand him on the forehead as a traitor to justice and the people. No matter how long he lives or how soon he dies; we cannot afford even the luxury of forgetting him. Buried as Webster is at Marshfield, the great apostacy of the last years of his life is too mighty a fact by which to test the American people to allow us to forget him. With the slave's eye on us, we have no right to forget him. He is an apostate to his New England who lets these bones rest in peace. Not until I can take the evil that he did, and cover it forever with the green sod that covers him, shall I cease to criticise him. Not until Henry J. Gardner is ten-fold the dust he is to-day shall I forget the leprous distilment, squat like a toad, he has poured into the ear of Massachusetts.

But I was speaking of funds; that is our immediate duty to-day. Of what use is your listening to Anti-Slavery speeches, if you are not willing to enable us to send speakers through the State to arouse the people? Take Ohio or Illinois to-day. If half-a-dozen agents could be put into Illinois, strong in the virtue of Garrisonian Abolitionism, they could perhaps clutch the State from the hand of Douglas, and save him from going back to the Senatorship, and save him from being, *therefore*, President of the United States. For, let him once drop, and he never rises again. If we could do that, we should do, humanly speaking, one of the greatest services to the Anti-Slavery cause, for we should teach trading politicians that there is such a thing as trading too boldly, and that they may lose what they were attempting to traffic for. In this lull between Presidential canvasses is the very time to do our work. In the agitation of political campaigns, men are carried away by the excitement. I know an Abolitionist who gave five thousand dollars towards the election of Fremont. Henry Ward Beecher said, in Central New York, if his audience report truly, "If Fremont is elected, I will be willing to shut up my mouth, and fold my hands, and never speak the word Anti-Slavery again so long as I live!" What do you suppose is the reliance to be placed on the intelligent appreciation, by such a man, of the actual necessities of the Anti-Slavery cause? What was to be gained for the slave by the election of John C. Fremont? a man who, however bold, true and generous his heart, is publicly identified and committed to no Anti-Slavery method or plan of any efficacy? An Abolitionist gave five thousand dollars to a political canvass, and then, when Abby Foster went to him, to ask him for means, in this interval between Fremont and a worse man, to save these thirty-one States from Douglas as the successor of the present President, told her, "Madam, I have no dollar to give you." I said between Fremont and a *worse* man. Unless some one works, so it will be. We could, to be sure, afford to have large reason to be grateful for the choice of a man abundantly worse than Fremont if he saved us from Douglas. Be sure party will give us a much worse man than Fremont unless we cooperate with events in preventing it. Gratitude is sometimes tact. Republicanism is not grateful enough to see that tact dictates adhering to tried names. The reward she holds out to her leaders is the obloquy of one unsuccessful canvass, and then oblivion.

But, aside from this, how much is the Anti-Slavery intelligence of such a man as the one I have just alluded to worth? Having no scales to weigh Homeopathic pellets, I cannot precisely tell.

I am glad Fremont was not elected; very likely he will be an honest man in consequence; for a national President is necessarily a traitor, and cannot be otherwise. The time will never come, in my belief, when the President of thirty-one States, with New York for a centre, with fifteen States slaveholding, with seventy millions of revenue, with the history of the past behind him, can be anything but the greatest slave in the nation. Buchanan is—Polk was—every previous President has been—a slave to a public opinion too strong for any individual to control.

That is my answer to the criticism we have just heard from our friend, Mr. Clarke. I know very well how large may be the virtue of individuals; but there is an under current, there is an overwhelming array of circumstances, there is a temptation, that nobody can resist in this country of ours. It is not always virtue alone that makes an Abolitionist; it is not absolute vice that makes a pro-slavery man. They are too much the creatures of the places in which they stand. This is a very self-denying doctrine I am preaching, let me tell you—this allowing so much to the influence of circumstances. I should be very glad to deny it, for, if I could, I might claim a little more virtue than I am going to, in the instance to which I am about to refer. You know my brother May, and Theodore Parker, and James Freeman Clarke, and other Unitarian clergymen that *burden* this platform (laughter), are constantly picking at me because I am Orthodox, and they are all the time pluming themselves on the aggressive, progressive character of the Unitarian denomination. They are always crying out, "Don't you see, here is a cloud of Unitarian clergymen, and you, poor one black sheep, are the only one to represent all the swelling Orthodox sects."

Now, I was at Yale College the other day. I am going to be generous, indeed I can easily afford to be. I shall not attribute all its Anti-Slavery superiority over Harvard to Orthodoxy. Oh, no, Mr. President, other causes share in producing this good result.

The influence of the commercial capital is one of the greatest obstacles to our cause. To the absence of this I am disposed largely to attribute the striking superiority of Yale College to Harvard on the spirit of those it educates, and the audience which crowds its Commencement exercises. Yale, you recollect, Mr. President, gave and took honour when, with generous appreciation, she conferred on Charles Sumner the degree of LL.D., a year ago. Harvard has not yet opened her eyes wide enough to see how large a space in the world's heart and history the son she graduated twenty-seven years ago has come to fill. Let us earnestly hope that the roar of the world's progress may wake her soon.

Meanwhile, Yale has no neighbour city to tempt, confuse and file away her moral sense. Accordingly, her young men seem awake and alive. At Harvard, I know, within a year or two, the most inoffensive allusion to Kansas was stricken out before the young speaker's composition was allowed to take its place among Commencement exercises, and hardly ever does one hear there any interest expressed in the great questions of the living present. This surely is noteworthy in the focus of that liberal Christianity of whose bold, progressive spirit we hear so much boasting.

At Yale, on the contrary, the representative of those sects supposed to be essentially averse to progress, not only did one young graduate, in an effort of marked ability and great maturity of thought, finely delivered, do ample justice to the influence of German Idealistic Philosophy in the past, placing it at the head of the world's intellectual progress, but one-third of the Commencement exercises had more or less direct allusion to the topics of the day. The President, whose pen, we all know, is no idle one, and whose subjects are neither a thousand miles off nor a thousand years back, had requested, at the outset, that there should be no applause, and for awhile the audience yielded, confining their expression of interest to boquets and wreaths thrown liberally at the feet of the speakers. But during the last half of the day, the silence of the pulpit on our question, the portentous wrong of the Dred Scott decision, the fate of Kansas trembling in the balance, the dastard, compromising spirit of American public life, became the subjects of direct, most emphatic, and spirited rebuke rung forth in tones of youthful, irrepressible eloquence. Then the enthusiasm of the crowd outran the programme of the unresisting President, and they welcomed the speakers, whose subjects, chosen by themselves, gave note of a treat to come with loud applause, marked each emphatic sentence with cheers, while flowers and plaudits together dismissed the young agitator at the close.

Singing criticism of the pulpit, earnest appeals for outraged humanity, which would have sent half of Harvard Hunkerdom plunging madly out of doors, only stirred there the most generous appreciation. I felt truly that to such young men I had little need to say anything; their own deep earnestness anticipated all I could have said. If we, Mr. President, may claim that our thirty years of agitation have contributed, in any degree, to produce such a result, well may we be proud, as we rejoice, in the momentous weight young men, educated under such influence, are destined to have in our country's future. Let Harvard look to her laurels, or Yale will educate *all the men* of the future.

Here are *circumstances*, you perceive. Yale College has no overgrown Boston to swallow it up. Yale College is too big to be taken up bodily and put away in the vaults of the State street banks, the day after Commencement, as Harvard always is; and the consequence of which is, that when Harvard is taken out again, it is like a fresh guinea—glittering, and exceeding cold (laughter and applause). Yes, it is circumstances. Feeling very rich, however, I am disposed to be very generous with my Unitarian competitors. I do not believe that Orthodox Yale would be any better than Unitarian Harvard, if surrounded by the same temptations. It is trade that eats out the virtue of public men. That ate out all that was left of Robert C. Winthrop; it was not much; it only served it for a morning lunch (laughter). Massachusetts is a great manufacturing and mechanical State. Every ounce of her water is fretted and used four times over before it reaches the sea, by the industrious hand of man making it turn now one wheel and now another, and it is tired to death before it gets to the ocean and is allowed to rest. Well, every one of these mills manufactures, not only cotton, but hunker politicians and lower-law divines.

Mr. President, Maine is far ahead of us. Its Republicanism is a long stride ahead of that of Massachusetts. I was down there at the time of the Dred Scott decision, and it so happened that I found myself, one evening, in the public room of a hotel, and by my side was seated one of the judges of the State of Maine, talking treason as fast as he could. I should like to hear Judge Shaw talk in that fashion. The people of Maine are Yankees, and, like genuine Yankees, they inquire after other people's business; and of course they have asked after the business of South Carolina, and they have come to the conclusion that her business is running out, and that it is their duty to look after her. When a Dred Scott comes up here, and the Supreme Court takes the side of the slaveholder, down on Long Wharf sits Commerce on her packages rubbing her hands, and saying, "It is all right"; and presently the Church catches the key-note, and echoes, "It is all right." I remember that I carried the news of the Texas annexation down into that street, and told the President of an insurance company that Texas was annexed, and said he, "That is a capital thing for freights" (laughter). That was the only idea he had.

Yes, our very industrial success is our temptation. The more need that you, who think you have dragged your souls out of it, should not content yourselves with a little political agitation, but that you should go abroad, and endeavour to impress upon the people the absolute right and duty in regard to the Anti-Slavery necessities of the hour. You know as well as I do that Republicanism will never save this nation. It is no longer a Republic; any man who fancies it is is deluded. A Republic! what is a Republic? A Republic is a government where the rulers are initiated by the votes of a majority of the people. A Republic is an educated community, where ideas govern; ideas stamped into laws by the majority, and submitted to by the minority. Go to New York city—what governs it? thought, statutes? No: bayonets govern it. The city has been under martial law for days, ruled by the police. It was only by ordering out a regiment that the respectability of New York took the capital city of thirty-one States out of the hands of men, nine-tenths of whom had been in the public jails, and the other tenth deserved to have been (loud applause). It is not a Republic. Where the bayonet is called in, it is a despotism, not a Republic. To-day, Kansas pulsates beneath the feet of armed men; it is not a Republic. Until arms are silent, Republicanism, or government, or law, does not exist. The South is not a Republic; for a government that meets opinion with anything but argument has ceased to be a Republic. The South meets it with torture, with death. Men are bound to-day in fetters in fifteen States of this Union; in fifteen States, men are tarred and feathered for their opinions; and when a community is obliged to submit to that means of meeting ideas, it has ceased to be a Republic. No man can utter an Anti-Slavery sentiment in the South, except at the risk of being met with a coat of tar and feathers. It is not a Republic. There is only a fragment of these thirty-one States that deserves the name of a Republic We are in a desperate case. It is only the parchment form of a Republic that we have. We have got the theory, not the fact. Here in Massachusetts, the majority rule through the ballot-box; so in Ohio and the New England States; but it cannot be said of many States, and those States only where it is true are Republics. "A people may be robbed of their liberty in one hour, and not suspect it for a century." I am not speaking any exaggeration, when I say that the government under which you live is a despotism. James Buchanan is not President of the United States. He has his influence on the Government, as you and I have, but his will is of no effect. There is a power behind him, stronger than he is. That power is the organized robbery of the Southern States. Despotism is not to be met by any shifting, superficial politics—not at all. You must educate the mind of Massachusetts, the mind of Ohio, the mind of the free States, up to the level of Revolution, up to a willingness to resist the law, if necessary. I am going back exactly to the point on which I spoke on the Fourth of July. It is the great point to be pressed on every Anti-Slavery gathering. Why did not Ohio resist the United States Government in the Margaret Garner case? Because she is not ready for revolution. Why did she not resist in the recent case between the United States Marshals and the State Government? For the same reason. Why does not Gov. Robinson resist Gov. Walker? Because the people of Kansas are not ready for revolution. I asked the last man I saw from Kansas—a mill owner—"Are your people ready to resist the United States troops by muskets? If they point the muskets at you, and pull the trigger, are you ready to fire back?" "Never," said he. "We went there to make money, to make a home. We are ready to do what we can, but we dare not resist the United States Government, and we do not mean to." He was a practical business man, speaking of the business men of the State. When men are owning land which doubles in value every month, and are getting rich merely by sitting still—coining gold by breathing—men born of Yankee fathers—do you suppose they are likely to carry their principles to the limit of revolution? Massachusetts would not do it, why should they? I asked a man in Iowa, "What are you going to do for Kansas? If they are compelled to fight, will not a thousand of you go over under arms, to help out the right?" "No," said he, "we have got our mortgages to pay off, and we cannot afford to help her. Suppose," said he, "I should go. When I got back, I should find the spot where I live would have become a town, and every man would have made a fortune. Do you suppose I am such a fool as to go to Kansas? Massachusetts is an old State, a comfortable State, where men can afford the luxury of going to sleep for half an hour. We look to Massachusetts to lay down principles. She is our normal school, our elder brother; we look to her to set the example. She has got time for debate and discussion; she has disciplined men and parties, and may do what she pleases." On you, therefore, hang not only Massachusetts, but Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. They are looking up to Massachusetts to see to it that when Massachusetts speaks, she speaks in no equivocal voice. We are to show that we understand the necessity of the crisis; that we know that the Federal Government, strong in money, strong in public opinion, in party machinery, is not to be resisted by words; that it is only when the people are brought to that intelligent appreciation of the issue, to that determination to succeed that is willing to risk everything—it is only then that they are fit to set examples to other States.

I do not know whether there are many here who have the least sympathy with what I am saying. If I thought there were a dozen, a score, or a hundred, I should be delighted. A hundred men could take up Massachusetts, and, only give them time, they can make it what we want it to be, if we will stand shoulder to shoulder, and be faithful to the principle to which we consecrate ourselves. Public opinion, the soil of statutes, is not ruled by a majority, but by a few men acting in concert, and determined to have their own way, and who have gained from the community that confidence in the rightfulness of their judgment which allows other men to let them do their thinking.

Now, although we may not reach the vast mass, it is possible that, in the current of events, we may be able to reach some, at least some, of those leading minds. I believe this Administration will admit Kansas as a slave State. That is what they mean. Men all about here are apprehending that we shall hear news of a bloody fight in Kansas. Do not fear! Never waste two cents in buying a newspaper, with the expectation of learning that fact. The South knows she has got the game in her own hands, and she is too sagacious a whist-player to play it so bunglingly as that. She has got the cards, and unless Walker gets too much whiskey, and does what he was not ordered to do, and does not mean to do, he will push forward the pro-slavery programme so incessantly, but so noiselessly, that he will not allow the Free State men any critical moment where they can rouse public opinion to resistance—no critical point or event which will rouse the sympathy of other States in their behalf; he is too cunning a man for that, while sober. He will push forward just as fast as circumstances will allow, and keep things just as they are until Congress meets again, and then, in the dark chambers of the United States Council, where party influence, and personal appeals, and the absence of personal responsibility may be brought to bear, Kansas will be sold as a slave State. If the battle was to be fought on the plains of the West, you might hope that by the drunken mistake of an incompetent individual, a musket might be fired, muskets answer it, and the people rallied to the contest. But Kansas—her battle will not be fought in the West, but on the chess-board at Washington, and in midnight session she will be betrayed. This Administration will see Kansas, possibly Oregon and Nebraska—possibly the Southern half of California—admitted as slave States; and then, with four or six more votes in the Senate, with the prestige of success, how will you meet another Presidential election? What is Massachusetts to do then? If four years culminate into nothing but political action, neither you nor I will ever see the end of slavery. Why, if Missouri should abolish slavery to-morrow, it would not change the political game in the least, for Missouri would be a slave State politically for at least one or two generations more. Go to the southern half of Illinois, settled by men from Tennessee and Alabama and Kentucky and the Carolinas—driven out of those States by the insolent assumption and aristocratic overseerism of the slaveholders. Non-slaveholders, trodden under foot by the ruling aristocracy, ashamed to let their children grow up subject to the same insults which they had endured, sought refuge from being spit upon in a free State; and yet, though they have been there forty years, never does an election come that the southern half of Illinois does not vote, almost as one man, the Southern ticket. Even insult, that actually exiled them from their own State, did not burn out their allegiance to slavery and the Slave Power. Emancipate the slaves of Missouri to-day, and the Slave Power would count Missouri among her adherents for fifty years to come. You have got the evil, therefore, planted in the very granite of public opinion. Money, the present form of religion, public opinion, fashion—which is almost as strong as either—are on the side of slavery. You never can resist it, except by an opinion as radical and reckless as that of revolution; never, but by a decision of purpose such as went up to Bunker Hill. Fanaticism! Why, everybody thought John Hancock a fanatic—Sam Adams a fanatic. Respectable people, no doubt, would not speak to them on the street, in their day. We have found out that they were the greatest men of their time; but there was not a telescope, in '76, that magnified enough to enable a person of fashion in Boston even to *see* Sam Adams. He was a fanatic, doubtless. All opinion that undertakes, like the giant underlying Sicily, to roll over and make a convulsion, an earthquake, is unfashionable—you may be certain of it. This truth might teach us that the necessity of a cause like ours demands a fanaticism as radical as that of the Revolution. There never was more strength on the side of any system that was overthrown than there is to-day in favour of slavery; and if the news from the other side the ocean be correct—if it be a fact that France is ready, and, under the guidance of Napoleon, can be made to reëstablish the slave trade, and if England be so indifferent or base as to remain a silent spectator—in such a case, the Islands are again delivered over to the slavery from which Wilberforce and the Revolution of '48 redeemed them, and we are like the serpent surrounded by a ring of fire. Westward are the slave States of the Pacific; southward are the slave States of the Union; eastward, girding the Gulf, are the newly-inaugurated slave islands; and, resting like a solitary bird in this nest of slavery, is the small band, almost a handful of States, that constitute New England and the easterly part of the North.

Instead of being beaten back, the wave of this pro-slavery reaction, like that of Catholicism in England, is beating against the shores of freedom, and there is no knowing but in time it may dictate bitterer terms to the free States. What shall meet it, in Boston, in New York, in Cincinnati, in all the great cities? It must be met by the masses. It must be met by men ready to shelter the slave; ready, thank God! to level their muskets at the slave-hunter—ready for more than that—ready to go into the United States Courts, and drag from the prostituted benches the judges that, like the Jeffries of the Stuart dynasty, undertake to make tyranny into law, and force it down New England throats (loud applause); ready to tear down the Custom House, and banish the Federal officers from the limits of the State; ready to say, with old John Quincy Adams: "Justice and liberty, no matter what becomes of parchments and the Union" (renewed applause).

All I claim of the Republican party is—no matter what be their present method—they may hold their little caucuses, pass their little Resolutions, fill their little offices, carry on their little canvasses, and put their little Governors into their little chairs (laughter and applause). But I want them, underneath and behind that all, to recognise the immense and momentous interests committed partly to their hands. Why, friends, it would not do to allow this excitement of thirty years' growth to cool. The iron rod heated is case-hardened against the second fire. It will be a hard toil to waken this nation a second time; we must give the iron the right shape now. Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, must be ready for revolution. We cannot make crises; God makes them. But we can prepare the nation to make ready for them, and that we ought to do.

Mr. President and friends—If

just now from this platform, I remembered—O, how well!—when I, too, yet young, saw her, a young, devoted girl, step first upon the anti-slavery platform, and consecrate herself, in the bloom of youth, its ingenuousness, its enthusiasm, upon the altar of the slave. The clear, sweet tones of that now wearied voice, how fresh they are in my ears! Year after year have I watched it wearing away, gathering now one and now another from the reluctant hosts of opposition—at such precious cost! life and health the cheerful price she paid; and I dare not let that man pass without bitter rebuke who throws in the way of those bloody and toil-worn footsteps one single obstacle to success (loud cheers). When I see, therefore, a Republican like HENRY WILSON, when I see traders in public opinion, in order to gain some temporary purpose, some party triumph, some transient advantage, or to wreak some personal spite against such a man as Henry J. Gardner, which they feel more than we do, but which they were too cowardly to show, which they were too recreant trimmers to declare, but which they were willing we should declare, while they come in to reap the harvest—I say, when, for such purposes, they jeopard the firmness and sincerity of anti-slavery feeling in this Commonwealth, I think of the wealth of sacrifice, of the lives that have been devoted to to this cause—I think of the tombs round which I have stood of those called early from the struggle—I say, "In God's name, beware how you peril what so much toil and so much self-devotion have purchased for us! This is holy ground you tread!"

I ask, therefore, of you, fellow-Abolitionists, that, in this hour, when party expediency is doing so much to mislead and confuse the public feeling, that you will enable us to send out agents, proper and capable, to the waiting fields of the West and North-West. I love the North-West. If I could go anywhere outside of Boston—if Boston pavements were not dearer to me even than the golden pavement to Milton's Mammon, I would go to the North-West, where no judges sit like nightmares on the consciences of the people, where a man, in order to be elected a judge, or to go to Congress, must come somewhere near being a fanatic. I like the North-West; the people have not grown old there—they are all young. Dr. Johnson said of Scotchmen that you might make something of them if you took them young. Out West, they catch the judges young (laughter). You can make a great deal of men when you take them in the ingenuousness and enthusiasm of youth. I spoke of Yale just now—that good Orthodox institution, brother May (laughter). You go to Harvard, and the young men have no power. They are all young, it is true, but they all speak on the Everett model; they are all as correct and as cold. They are like the man who went up to Worcester with an awful cold in his head. His friends asked him where he got it, and he said, "I called on Gov. Everett, and stayed too long" (laughter and applause). The young men at Yale all spoke so that you felt they were carried away by their enthusiasm. Severe criticism might say they were too fiery. But give them five years to cool, and at twenty-five they will be of just the right temperature. The young man who does not overdo at twenty will be a piece of ice at forty. That is the difference between Chicago and Boston—the men are all young. In the hot blood of twenty, they do not stop to calculate. A young man does not fear to do his duty to the slave because his fortune may be taken from him. "No matter," he says, "I have got thirty years ahead to make another." Send our friend Foss out there; I should like to see the graduates at his college!

Now, I want you to give us your money to send out agents to plant the seeds of radical, disinterested, fearless Anti-Slavery in the virgin soil of the West, where the institutions can be moulded into the form of freedom. You know they say that an institution is the lengthened shadow of a great man. Now, Massachusetts is the lengthened shadow of Edward Everett—and a very poor shadow it is. Out here, there is no man tall enough for his shadow to cover a State, and so the trees grow up straight and strong. We are like the trees of this grove over our heads. They rely on each other for support. They have never challenged the storm, and there is no root to them; one strong blow would sweep them all off. That tree now is a church member who would go home and stay at home if he was not afraid of his brother-in-law; over there is another who would do the same, only he dare not face his next door neighbour's wife (laughter). But give us the oak or the elm, growing alone, saying to the wind, "Come, I would like to have a wrestle with you," and striking its roots deeper into the ground as the storm clasps it in its rude grasp—flinging out its branches defiant of the tempest: that is GARRISON (applause). You want him to crop out—to change the simile a little—all over the West. You can do it by sending lecturers out there, and letting them scatter the seed. That you ought to do; that self-respect binds you to do; that your avowed principles bind you to do; and the Massachusetts of 1620 and the slave expect every man to do his duty (loud applause).

THE KANSAS STRUGGLE.

THE siege of Lawrence is ended. Gov. Walker, having tried in vain for three weeks to provoke the people of that city to do some act which would afford him a colourable pretext for war, has at last withdrawn his troops. After begging in vain that the Free State men would do something to enable him to back out gracefully, he at last hit upon the device of getting a summons for his troops to go to Fort Riley and aid in repelling an attack of the Indians! As to the *ostensible* object of the siege—the putting down of the municipal government of Lawrence—he has effected nothing; that government having been organized and set to work just as effectually as it would have been if he had made no such demonstration. If his real object was to help the Democratic party in the pending elections at the South and conciliate the fire-eaters, by threatening the Free State men with exterminating war, he may have been more successful. We doubt, however, if all that he has gained, either for his party or himself, in that quarter, will compensate him for the ridicule and contempt he has brought upon himself, not only in Kansas, but throughout the country, by this Quixotic display of military authority, which has had no parallel since the day when

> "The King of France, with twenty-thousand men,
> Marched up the hill and then marched down again."

In one of his speeches, not long since, Gov. Walker sought to win the confidence of the Free State party by using this language:

"In October next, not under the act of the late Territorial Legislature, but under the laws of Congress, you, the whole people of Kansas, have a right to elect a Delegate to Congress, and to elect a Territorial Legislature. Gentlemen, on this subject I wish that there should be no mistake, no misapprehension, as regards my opinions *and the policy which I shall deem it my duty to pursue* in the administration of the Executive department of the Territory of Kansas. It is involved in a few simple words: *That the majority of the people of Kansas must govern.* I do not mean those who are now registered under the Territorial laws; I do not mean those who were residing here on the 15th of March last; but *I mean the whole people of Kansas*, not only those who are here now, but those who will be here next Fall as actual residents; that they—the people over whom these institutions are to operate—that they, by a majority of their votes, shall decide for themselves what shall be their Constitution, and what shall be their social institutions."

The Free State party were so far influenced by these fair promises that they resolved to vote in the October election, being sure of their ability, in case those promises should be fulfilled, to elect one of their number a Delegate to Congress and a majority of the members of the Territorial Legislature. Their purpose, after this, was to wipe out the whole Border Ruffian code and leave the coast free for the new State Government under the Topeka Constitution. The Governor, however, so far from preparing to fulfil his solemn promise, has already proved false and made himself a party to one of the most atrocious frauds in the whole history of Kansas affairs. The laws of the Territorial Legislature made it his duty, in conjunction with Secretary Stanton, to make the apportionment of the Representatives to be chosen to the new Legislature. Instead of performing this duty himself, as the law required, he suffered it to devolve, by neglect, upon the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Matthias, and the *Rev.* Thomas Johnson, President of the Council, two of the most unscrupulous of all the Border Ruffian officials. These men have just completed the apportionment, and its character is thus described by a correspondent of *The Tribune*:

"A scheme of more thorough and deliberate villany than this apportionment was never concocted. It must have engaged all the brains of the Pro-Slavery party. No possible torturing of human ingenuity could have made it worse for the interests of justice and freedom. It is framed expressly to win. In the first place, it is *not* made on the bogus census taken for the Constitutional Convention. Bad as that would have been, it would still have been fairer. The law required that the apportionment should be made on that census. Their own law has thus been grossly violated. The apportionment has been made upon the arbitrary *ipse dixit* of these men, with no recognised rule to guide them. Again, there is no kind of comparison between the Council and Representative apportionment. So much on the general subject—now for details: It will be seen that FOURTEEN Counties have been allowed THIRTY-SIX Representatives, and NINETEEN Counties THREE. It will be seen that Douglas and Johnson Counties are stuck together into one district, thus made a border district, and allowed three Councilmen and eight Representatives. The design is to carry the district by Missouri votes, from Westport, thrown into Johnson County. But this is not all. To that district is tagged on a strip of territory away to the south, and thus defined: 'All that part of the Territory of Kansas lying west of the Counties of Wise, Butler and Hunter.' What does that mean? A hundred and fifty miles of settled country are jumped over, and a large and comparatively unsettled tract, running westward along the Arkansas river to the Rocky Mountains, is thus annexed to the Xth District. I will explain what this is for. Should Lecompton and the Missouri vote thrown in Johnson County not be sufficient to carry this district, then returns can be brought in from some of the trading posts on the Arkansas with a sufficient number of votes to settle the matter. That section cannot be expected to be heard from for two weeks, at least, after the election, allowing the bogus officials ample time to manufacture such returns as they need. The same trick has been resorted to with some of the Council districts.

"As some persons not familiar with the country may suppose that the nineteen Counties which are allowed THREE Representatives are but sparsely settled, I will state that they are all large Counties, as well settled, with but few exceptions, as most of the Western States. The population of these nineteen Counties is almost exclusively of Free State men. By the late census taken under Free State authority, the population of those Counties was very nearly equal to that of all the rest of the Territory. The difference is very small; and yet, by this iniquitous apportionment, they are allowed but THREE out of THIRTY-NINE representatives. Such iniquity is too brazen and fearful for comment. Again, the Counties thus lying on, and to be controlled, by the Border are allowed twenty-eight out of thirty-nine representatives!"

Compare the details of this apportionment with Gov. Walker's solemn promise recorded above, and fathom, if you can, this "lower deep" of Border ruffian villany. The election in October will of course take place according to this infamous arrangement, Gov. Walker sustaining and enforcing it by the whole military power at his command. There is no longer any room to doubt that Kansas will come into the Union next Winter as a slave State. All the intimations to the contrary, lately thrown out at the South, were intended, of course, to lull the North to sleep and put the Free State party off their guard, while this new plot was being concocted by Gov. Walker and his backers. The whole scheme stands revealed in a speech made at Platte City, Mo., on the 20th of July, by Peter T. Able, and which is thus reported by the *Missouri Democrat*:

MR. ABLE'S SPEECH.

He had frequently heard it charged that the Pro-Slavery men in Kansas had sold out to the Free State men. This was false, and he wished to state the position of the Pro-Slavery men of Kansas, so that their friends in Missouri might see into their plans and policy. They had not abandoned the idea of making Kansas a slave State by a jug full; on the contrary; they were greatly encouraged, and he took this occasion to say to Pro-Slavery men that the prospects of the party in Kansas were brighter and more hopeful than they had ever been. It seemed that there was a great deal of misunderstanding in Missouri in regard to the party in Kansas, and he would give a history of the party and its policy, for he knew all about it. In the first place, he said, they organized the party under the name of the Pro-Slavery party, and it worked well, because it brought all men who were in favour of the South into one solid, compact body. As time passed on, a great many persons came in the Territory from the Northern States who were not Pro-Slavery men in their feelings, but who were against the Free State men in their resistance to the laws of the Kansas Legislature. They found out that this class of Northern men would not act with the Free State men in resistance to the laws, nor would they act with the Pro-Slavery men, because they were not in favour of slavery.

In order to get this class of Northern men to act with them, the Pro-Slavery party agreed, after consultation, to change the name of the party from Pro-Slavery to the law-and-order party. This change of names had a happy effect, because it brought a good many men into the party that they could not have gotten into their ranks any other way. After awhile a still larger number of people from the Northern States came in, and policy dictated another move. He had written a call for delegates from all the Counties in the Territory to assemble at Lecompton last Winter, and they did meet and deliberate upon the future action of the party. A great many men had moved into the Territory from the Northern States who had voted for Mr. Buchanan, and who were opposed both to the Black Republicans and Pro-Slavery parties, and it was the policy of the Pro-Slavery men to propitiate this class of men. It was admitted in their deliberations that the name of law-and-order party did not have national reputation, and that the name of the party must be changed. It was admitted that the Whig party was dead, and its name would not answer the purpose they had in view. It was deemed unwise to assume the name of Americans or Know Nothings, for that party had been able to take but one trick in the Presidential game, and must soon die out.

After viewing the ground, it was agreed that the party should change its name from the law-and-order party to that of the National Democracy. The Democrats had just elected the President and would have a majority in Congress; and if the Pro-Slavery party in Kansas should assume the name of National Democracy, it would bring them into favour with the Administration and with Congress, and at the same time secure to their party the services of the Free State Democrats from the Northern States. Time has proved that this was a good move and great advantages would result to the party from it. This was the history of the Pro-Slavery party in Kansas, and under all its names it had remained sound on the goose, and the charge that the Pro-Slavery men in Kansas had sold out to the Free-Soilers was infamously false. He was glad to inform the Pro-Slavery men of Platte that the prospects of the party were bright, and that, if we will do our duty in the future as well as we have done it in the past, success was certain.

In regard to Gov. Walker, he said he did not endorse everything he had said, but was not prepared to take grounds against him yet. Walker was a good manager and a keen man, and he thought he understood him. He believed when Walker held his secret councils with the President and his Cabinet that they were chalking out a policy for Kansas. The people should remember, said he, that a majority of the Cabinet were Southern men, and he believed that Walker's trip to the Northern States, after his consultations with the President and all his talk North about Kansas becoming a free State, had a design in it. The object was to get himself endorsed by the Northern press and the Free State papers of Kansas; and after he had succeeded in this, he could put down the Free State men in Kansas by the strong arm of the Government and point to his endorsement by the Northern press and the Free State press in Kansas for his justification. He believed in Walker, though he would not endorse him fully, and believed that he could be managed very easily. In regard to the nomination of ex-Governor Ransom for Congress, in Kansas, he regarded this the best piece of policy they had yet done. It was a capital move. He would get the Democrats from the Northern States to a man. Ransom was sound on the goose, as sound as Gen. Calhoun, and he must not be suspected by the Pro-Slavery men.

Mr. Buchanan and his Administration were to come down to the work right and not play false. His sincerity and that of his Cabinet was to be tested, and he should and would be made to do right or they would blow him and his Administration into ten thousand pieces. They should do right or the National Democratic party should be broken up, for Kansas was determined to have her right. He expressed himself sanguine about the soundness of Mr. Buchanan, and knew he had to do right or be be blown up.

The National Democracy had elected a large majority to the Constitutional Convention, and a Pro-Slavery Constitution would be made, and he believed that it would be submitted to a vote of all the people that were in the Territory on a certain day, of which due notice would be given to the people of Missouri. When that was done, the people must protect their slave property, and get up the same feeling they once had up, and that election would be carried as easily as they had carried any of the other elections. The Free State men in Kansas were resting under the belief that they had a large majority in the Territory, which was a fact, but they were not on their guard; the men of the Northern States were not on their guard either, but the Pro-Slavery men were. He enjoined it upon them to keep this matter still and not blab it about, but lay low and keep dark, and work for the great stake. Properly managed, success was certain. He knew more about Kansas and the Pro-Slavery party than any one else. He had spent a large sum of his own money, and raised a great deal from others, all for the cause in Kansas, and professed to know all about it. He had organized more of their lodges and taken more people into them than any other man, and he knew what was going on.

In this connection we publish an extract from *The* (Richmond) *South*, showing what the slaveholders expect at the hands of Mr. Buchanan.

"Does the Administration approve Gov. Walker's conduct [referring, of course, to his conduct previous to the raid upon Lawrence and the legislative apportionment]? We maintain that it does not. In support of this position we adduce first the testimony of the Washington *States*. In his Inaugural address and Topeka speech, Walker declared that the Constitution should be submitted for ratification or rejection to the vote of all the "actual settlers" who may be in the Territory at the time. The *States* affirms by authority that, in Mr. Buchanan's opinion, none are entitled to vote upon the adoption of the Constitution but those who are qualified to vote under the Territorial laws in the election of delegates to the State Convention. Here is one essential difference between the President and the Governor of Kansas. Secondly, we have it from private sources, *whose personal and political integrity cannot be impeached*, that Mr. Buchanan severely reprehends the interference of Walker with matters which the organic act has placed under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Territorial Legislature. Those portions of his inaugural address in which he argues that the climate and soil of the Territory are not adapted to slavery, and insists that the elective franchise properly belongs to all the "inhabitants" of Kansas in determining the character of its domestic institutions; his gratuitous harangues to the populace, in all of which he pledges his official authority in behalf of squatter sovereignty; his arrogant assumption of the prerogatives of a Roman Proconsul in dictating to the Convention how its work shall be rendered complete; in all these acts of unwarrantable usurpation, we have the most reliable assurances that he incurs the disapprobation of the Chief Executive and violates the confidence which has been reposed in him."

If Walker cannot succeed in extricating himself from the dilemma in which he is placed so as to be serviceable to the South, he may be removed. The Kansas *Free State* informs us that the plan for this is already laid in the Border-Ruffian counsels. Calhoun, McLean and other leaders of the Lecompton Democracy have resolved to drive him out of Kansas immediately after the October election. Their reasons for desiring that he shall remain until that time are, that his aid will be necessary to secure a seat in Congress for the delegate they then expect to elect, and to give a false appearance of fairness to the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention. He is then to be driven out, lest he should carry out his pledge that he will oppose the Constitution unless it is submitted to the people. The theory of the *Free State*, however, is that Walker is really in league with the slaveholders, to reassure whom his late raid upon Lawrence was gotten up, and that he will soon show himself to be such a fast friend of slavery that there will be no disposition to get rid of him.

P.S. Later advices state that Gov. Walker has returned to Lawrence with the troops.

The vote for the Topeka Constitution is estimated at 10,000.

A WORD FOR THOSE WHO THINK.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

"For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?"

So I was impelled anew and with fresh earnestness, the other day, to inquire, as one among those gathered to witness the opening exercises of the great Trial of Harvest Implements, just done in our midst, under the direction of the United States Agricultural Society, I heard its President, in illustration of the eminently *national* character of the Society, declare, with marked emphasis, that they had this year appointed *two* exhibitions, one for the *North*, and the other for the *South*; and the Southern State in whose chief city the latter exhibition is to be held, and whose Governor, present on the platform, was, with fulsome eulogy, introduced to our notice, was characterized, albeit it had once been "the dark and bloody ground," as now that most fertile, beauteous and prosperous State.

The strain, thus opened, was erewhile repeated and prolonged by the Kentucky Governor, who, after a few introductory words, common-place enough, apologetic, eulogistic, proceeded to administer solemn admonition of the identity of interests which ought to bind the two sections of the Republic indissolubly together, and described, under the loftiest figures, the most striking tropes which his imagination could suggest, the undying devotion, the exhaustless fealty of his State to the glorious Union. Standing, as she does, intermediate, on middle ground, she locks with one arm in close embrace the South, and, reaching with the other across the river that divides, she grasps with sisterly regard the hand of the North. And these statements seemed, from the demonstrations they called forth, gratefully welcome to the general ear.

How could I refrain here from asking within myself, are the objects of this or any other Agricultural Society consistent with human slavery? These objects must, I suppose, be, certainly they professedly are, the improvement and elevation of the farmer. To awaken to fresh clearness within him the consciousness of the dignity of his vocation; to seek out, ascertain and commend the best methods of husbandry; to enrich his mind with science and his hand with skill in that sphere of exertion where it is his to toil and attain, to preside and achieve, must be the steady, all-commanding aim.

And this implies and premises *personality, freedom*, a *soul*, enriched and alive with wakeful energies; a *person*, armed with capacities, resources, instruments, to be evolved and wielded for the high ends of Culture. Here all our powers centre and preside; upon this all our rights, privileges and prerogatives do base and find support. From this, all endeavours, attainments, possessions proceed, property always and alone the product and fruit of personality, without it impossible, with it inevitable.

This once present and recognised, various provisions, methods, in one department and another of life, are naturally suggested, to be brought forward in aid of the human spirit, for assisting it to the maturities of high manhood. Hence the numerous arrangements and institutions built up, from time to time, among men, means of education, methods of culture, looking all professedly to this end.

But what if this pregnant premise, this all-vital postulate be omitted, be at the outset denied or ignored? How shall manhood be drawn forth and matured, amid the annihilation of the human, on ground where man has no recognised existence? What an absurdity to propose, what madness to attempt the solution of such a problem on such conditions! To think to build a structure in contempt of gravitation, in mid-air, without basis or support, to rear a plant in defiance of the laws of its being, without soil, sunlight, air, nay, in denial of its very existence! And yet of this madness precisely are they manifestly guilty who essay to promote human improvement in presence of and in consent with the arrangements of human chattelhood. They have cut away their own foundation, they have surrendered their citadel, they can stand nowhere, they can do nothing. This obviously and inevitably, so far as their relation to the American slave is concerned.

The "sapping" process, the attempt to accomplish by indirection, by oblique methods, what may not be counted practicable by direct means, to extinguish wrong by covertly undermining, without coming to open recognised conflict with it, to approach the devil from behind, to out-general and so to reduce him, has always been a pet favourite among men, especially with "prudent," "judicious" people, who are ever solicitous to save their influence, and to escape the mistakes and failures which befall the "visionary," the "ultra," the "impracticable," and has always proved in practical result a sheer futility, involving unforeseen embarrassments and discomfitures, and, in the final upshot, terminating just where Pilate "brought up" in his relation to Christ, "delivering him over to be crucified." And this must become the open, as it already is the real, attitude of any society or association of men, combined for any purpose, how sublime and commanding soever, that, in their eagerness to be "*national*," can look with consent or indulgence, nay, with anything short of utter abhorrence and deep, damning renunciation, upon that murderous crime which is perpetrated over the entire southern half of the Republic, filling air with the cries and earth with the blood of its multiplied victims, exultingly and habitually.

What is to be expected, in the way of advantage, from any union with oppressors? They subsist by robbery; they fatten upon blood. What care they for any discovery in science, any improvement in art, except so far as it may minister to their amusement or aggrandizement? They account man their property, and all that may belong to or be achieved by the human soul as so much new booty to be promptly seized and devoured. A machine so devised as to enable them to extort more product, more cotton and sugar from the "niggers," they would very likely take some interest in, would be at some pains to visit and inspect; other than that, precious little. And how much, in the way of endeavour and achievement, in one department or another of art, any people of such character and habitudes as they may be expected to exhibit, the Records kept at our Patent Office, to any one curious in such matters, will significantly indicate.

Let nothing invidious be supposed to lurk in the prominence here apparently given to the United States Agricultural Society. Not so at all. It is but too widely representative, illustrative of the disposition that pervades and the usage that prevails. On all hands, in every department of our social life, political, ecclesiastical, literary, societies are organized, attempting to build on air in the self-same way, essaying to cultivate, say, for instance, *science*, without first distinctively recognising *soul*; to build up the *scholar* in neglect or sacrifice of the man. And so we have National Scientific Associations, in which numbers who have never risen to manhood, have never wrought out knowledge into character, or learning into life, nay, who live consentingly among the usages and feed upon the fruits of slavery, are, for all that, accounted sound scholars and worthy fellows.

And in the sphere ecclesiastic, inward religion is reckoned quite consistent with outward immorality, even with some types of flagrant crime, saintship having little relation to practical life, "nothing to do with politics," so that one may be very much of a Christian while little or nothing of a man. High attainments, large and opulent experiences are achieved here by piety, on soil where humanity finds no home, and is habitually put to the door.

Nay, looking a little wider, we find that the spiritual is commonly supposed to flourish only on the ruins of the natural, divine grace extinguishing human nature, Holy Ghost coming in only when common sense goes out. Hence the two great duties in religion, faith and worship, consist, the one in implicitly receiving to the beliefs of the soul the sacred mysteries, too subtle and sublime for the "carnal reason" to comprehend; the other in passing into those reveries of the imagination, those emotions and ecstacies of feeling, too impalpable and senseless for the "unregenerate" to understand. And the more the mystery towers or sinks, whichever you may please to call it, into absurdity, the more manifestly the dogma violates reason and shocks nature, why the deeper the merit of the faith that, without question, can accept; and the more largely the worship opens out into extravagance, *infatuation* and debauchery to the eye of the natural man, all the higher its freedom, all the more marked and decisive the influence here of the "spirit." The loathsome, malignant, suffocating nuisance fruited from such absurdities is widely baptized among us into the name of religon; it prays and preaches, and administers its ordinances, here and everywhere throughout Christendom. It is in our country very "national"—why should it not be? Why should it, as represented in any of the various sects, object to admitting robbers to its embrace and benediction, or to breaking its holy bread to slaveholders? All this is consistent enough with the absurdities and sensualities from which it has proceeded.

But with Justice, Virtue, man elevated, glorified, human nature enriched with celestial character, ripened into godlikeness—why, what communion hath Truth with Lies, what fellowship hath Christ with Belial?

What characterizes the sphere more particularly denominated political, I need not attempt to state. Let recent and transpiring history in our country, for him who can peruse the disgusting, shameful record, testify.

Amid this general profligacy, this wide-prevailing neglect and renunciation of the elemental and the vital, why should not every society and association among us, especially every one that aspires to be national, take stand and commence departure here, starting from and anon recurring to first principles, and, in clear, emphatic word, though for the thousandth time, repeat and reiterate these as well recognised to underlie and vitalize, essentially and forever, all good enterprises and activities among men? Let the physician and the naturalist, the agriculturalist and the mechanic, the statesman and the churchman, bear ever in grateful remembrance that each science, each art grounds in the human, that all true attainment and possession is evermore the expression and achievement of man, the manifestation and sanction of character, finding root, drawing existence, nourishment, life, alone from personality. This fact, as all-vital and everlasting, he must proclaim and repeat; these rights, elemental as being, sacred as life, he must cherish and worship in the inmost sanctuary of his soul. Their violation in the person of the most abject slave is an assault upon his nature, a murderous thrust at his existence, which he shall, in any case, and on pain of heaviest forfeitures, resist and repel.

His obligations to these transcend his relations to all societies, unions, parties and churches. Where these are denied or ignored, he can have no fellowship and find no home. Truth is regal, no word so high as its sovereign Voice; Justice is supreme, no sceptre so great as its Throne, no enactment so authoritative as its sublime, eternal edict. And the soul is more than circumstance, the life than raiment, manhood greater than all outward successes and possessions whatsoever. M.

Syracuse, July 24, 1857.

THE STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW YORK, August 8, 1857.

WILL you allow me to state a few facts in relation to the action, or rather the want of action, of the State Teachers' Convention, recently held at Binghamton, in respect to the distinction of caste in our so-called *common* schools, and the insults lately offered to the teachers and pupils of these schools on the occasion of the Thalberg concerts and the Public Diploma Presentation. If, as is asserted, the chief object of this Association be to watch over the interests of all the teachers and scholars, then any insult or wrong offered to any one of them should be the first and most important subject of discussion, nor can it in any manner be construed into a side issue.

In the afternoon session of the first day, Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, of Rochester, offered the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the exclusion of coloured children from our Public Schools, Academies, Colleges and Universities, is the result of a wicked prejudice against colour.

2. Resolved, That the expulsion of MISS LATIMER, delegate from Saratoga County, from the New York Normal School at Albany, when, after six months of successful scholarship in that institution, the fact was discovered that *coloured blood* coursed in her veins, was mean and cruel.

3. Resolved, That a flagrant outrage was perpetrated against the teachers and the pupils of the coloured schools of New York City, in that no provision was made for their attendance at the free concert given by Professor Thalberg to the Public Schools of that city.

4. Resolved, That the recent exclusion of MISS HELEN APPO and MISS ELIZABETH JENNINGS, graduates from the Coloured Normal School of New York City, from the Public Diploma Presentation at the Academy of Music, was a gross insult to their scholarship and their womanhood.

5. Resolved, That *all* proscription from educational advantages and honours on account of colour is in perfect harmony with the infamous decision of Judge Taney, "Black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect."

The second resolution was afterwards withdrawn at the request of Miss Anthony, there being some dispute about the correctness of the assertion.

These resolutions waked up the sleeping lion. There were more important things to come before the meeting; this was not a proper subject for discussion then; they had a great work to perform, and could not be diverted from it by side issues. Yet there was a strong party who thought that it *was* the legitimate business of the Association to look after the interests of the least of its members; and, after a warm debate, the resolutions were referred to a Select Committee. Miss Anthony requested that this should be composed in part of women; but the President saw fit to ignore such request, and appointed five men. Some of the members, however, protested against this discourteous proceeding, and two women were finally added to the number.

The majority report of the said Committee was in favour of the resolutions, with some unimportant alterations; the minority report was as follows:

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the coloured children of the State should enjoy equal advantages of education with the whites.

The vote of the assembly was taken on the majority report, without discussing it, all persons voting indiscriminately, without regard to membership, and it was declared lost. The minority report was instantly put to vote, and declared adopted. But it was the opinion of most present that the decision might reasonably have been contested.

Miss Anthony offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the duty of all the Schools, Colleges and Universities to open their doors to woman, and to give her equal and identical education with her brother man.

This resolution Miss Anthony supported by an earnest and eloquent speech. Mr. D. H. CRITTENDEN, of New York, also sustained the motion, and cited his own personal experience in proof that such an education was better for both sexes. The resolution, however, was lost.

In the morning session of the first day, Miss JULIA A. WILBUR, of Rochester, offered resolutions, that the practice of paying women teachers one-half or one-third the salaries received by men for the performance of the same duties was unjust and inconsistent; and that if a woman did the same work as a man, and did it as well, she should receive the same pay for it. Some of the wiseacres present detected in these simple words an introduction to Socialism, Free-Loveism, and every other ism under the sun, and delivered eloquent dissertations based on these hypotheses; but the Hon. H. H. VAN DYCK, Superintendent of Public Instruction, declared that he could discover no such doctrine or intention, but thought the resolutions perfectly explicit and reasonable.

Prof. FOWLER, of Rochester University, made some curious affirmations, to the effect that women were already sufficiently paid; that the demand was greater than the supply; and that there were always more schools than teachers. The reader can test the truth of these assertions by his own observations.

The first of these resolutions was carried; the latter lost by one vote.

These Associations are growing into institutions. It remains to be seen whether, in common with other institutions, they intend to establish a caste of sex and colour. The contest has commenced; yet the proceedings in this Convention have been too irregular to be a fair test of the real state of feeling. The questions are not settled, but only laid over till another year. Yet it is evident that, while it is the design of the leaders to elevate the business of teaching to the dignity of a profession, which shall take rank, both in honour and emolument, with the other professions of the day, it is equally their design to systematically exclude all women and coloured persons from a share in the advantages thus obtained. Will they succeed? B.

CALL FOR THE DISUNION CONVENTION.

THE question has been asked, "How many names are wanted to this call?" Just as many, dear friend, as you can, by any possibility of exertion, obtain. Go far and wide, to every man and woman, and those who see the necessity of the Convention will sign the Call without any argument; others will need to be enlightened. You cannot do better service to the cause of the slave, and of the whole country, than in this work. Pray do not delay, and spare no expense of either time or money in making this Call a loud one.

CALL FOR A NORTHERN CONVENTION.

Whereas it must be obvious to all that the American Union is constantly becoming more and more divided, by Slavery, into two distinct and antagonistic nations, between whom harmony is impossible, and even ordinary intercourse is becoming dangerous;

And whereas Slavery has now gained entire control over the three branches of our National Government, Executive, Judiciary and Legislative; has so interpreted the Constitution as to deny the right of Congress to establish freedom even in the Territories, and by the same process has removed all legal protection from a large portion of the people of the free States, and has inflicted, at many times and places, outrages far greater than those which our fathers rose in arms to repel;

And whereas there seems no probability that the future will, in these respects, be different from the past, under existing State relations;

The undersigned respectfully invite their fellow-citizens of the Free States to meet in Convention, at ————, in October, 1857, to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation of the Free and Slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require.

LEGAL VOTERS.	OTHER PERSONS.

We understand that signatures to the above Call are coming in rapidly. A friend in Massachusetts informs us that from one vicinity in Ohio there has been sent a list of sixty-one legal voters, the majority of whom are Republicans, with a sprinkling of Democrats! We have a letter from a friend in Stark Co., Ohio, who says, "I sent 106 names to Worcester yesterday, and have a new list of over thirty—a majority of them legal voters." We urge our friends to be diligent in circulating the Call and prompt in forwarding the signatures they may obtain to JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, Worcester, Mass.

Our friends in New York and vicinity are reminded that a petition awaits their signatures at the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street, where they may also procure copies for circulation.

POLITICS.

R. T. Archer, a Virginia politician, distinctly states, in *The South*, that "while President Pierce quelled the people of the South with honeyed words and messages which we all approve, he sent his agents to Kansas secretly instructed that it was necessary for the salvation of the Northern Democracy that Kansas should be brought into the Union a free State"; and he intimates his belief that "Mr. Buchanan is playing the same game of duplicity that his predecessor did." The *editor* of *The South*, on the contrary, while denouncing Gov. Walker, expresses confidence in Mr. Buchanan. He says, "We have the most direct, conclusive and *authentic information that Mr. Buchanan does not approve of Walker*." It fortifies itself in this position by a quotation from the Washington *States*, a journal known to enjoy the confidence of the Administration, and which declares, by authority, that Mr. Buchanan, in his instructions to Walker, "*intended to place the voters for the* [Kansas] *Constitution under the same restrictions that applied to those who voted for members of the Constitutional Convention.*" "This," says *The South*, "IS ALL WE DEMAND." Here, then, is the evidence that in all the talk of the Administration about giving the *people* of Kansas an opportunity to approve or reject the Constitution about to be framed by the bogus Convention, there has been a deliberate fraud. The intention is to submit it only to that small portion of the people whose names are recorded in the bogus census lists, while the great majority of actual residents will have no voice in the matter.

The recent elections at the West and South have resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the Know-Nothings and the general success of the Slave Democracy. In Kentucky the latter have elected 7 of the 10 members of Congress, tied the Senate and carried the House of Representatives by 15 or 20 majority. Among the newly elected Democratic members of Congress is James B. Clay, son of Henry. From Tennessee there are reports of the election of 6 Democrats and 2 Know-Nothings to Congress—two Districts not heard from. North Carolina has probably chosen 6 Democrats and 2 Know-Nothings. Alabama has gone Democratic by a large majority. Missouri, as far as heard from, gives a majority of 4,720 for Rollins, the Emancipation candidate, and he is probably elected. *The* (Richmond) *South*, upon the supposition that the Democratic candidate is elelected by a small majority, says:

"Considering that the question of Emancipation was the controlling issue of the canvass, our joy at the result is not unmingled with feelings of disappointment. It is now clearly demonstrated that nearly one half of the people of Missouri are in favour of the unconditional extinction of slavery, and the lapse of a few years may witness the complete triumph of the anti-slavery sentiment. Certain it is that the abolition feeling is every day gaining ground."

Iowa has no doubt adopted the new Constitution, in spite of the desperate efforts of the Democracy to defeat it upon the ground that it favoured negroes. There was not a particle of truth in this allegation, though, as the Republicans controlled the Constitutional Convention, there certainly *ought* to have been. So far from favouring coloured people, the Republicans consented to an arrangement which they well knew *must* result in depriving them of the right of suffrage. That arrangement was to refer the suffrage question to a direct vote of the people, and to count as opposed to coloured suffrage not only those who voted in the negative, but those also who should not vote at all! Pretty Republicanism this!

CORRECTION AND EXPLANATION.—We copied, two or three weeks ago, from the (Yellow Springs, Ohio) *Free Presbyterian*, a brief article relating to the author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave," which, we doubt not, was eagerly read by all who have seen that remarkable book. Indeed the natural and very proper desire which, we know, every one must feel to learn something of the personal history of one who has made so indelible a mark in anti-slavery literature, prompted us to copy the article. But we regret to be compelled to say that we did so hastily. In looking over it rapidly, instead of reading it, as we should have done, carefully, we saw, or thought we saw, internal and circumstantial evidence that the article in question was written by one who is in intimate and daily communion with Miss Griffith, and that it was written apparently for publication. Taking it for granted, therefore, that there would be, under such circumstances, the utmost precaution used against any statement either exaggerated, careless, or capable of the least misconstruction, we copied the article rather upon faith than knowledge. A subsequent perusal, when THE STANDARD had come from the press, suggested some grave doubts as to how far the article could be relied upon; and assurances from authority not to be doubted have since made it imperative upon us to express our regret that it should have ever appeared in this paper. There are statements in it which are not true, allusions which should never have been made, and intimations which are both unjust and injurious. The most that we can now do, in addition to the acknowledgment of our own carelessness and regret, is to express a hope that those of our exchanges which have not already copied it will carefully refrain from giving currency to a statement which has given pain to the subject of it, and is only calculated to do her injury in her old home.

GEO. W. CURTIS, Esq., whose bold and eloquent oration before the Literary Societies of the Middletown (Ct.) University last Summer won for him the approbation of the friends of freedom, has commended himself afresh to their regard and their confidence by another address of a similar character which he has lately delivered at Union and Dartmouth Colleges and at a literary festival in Westfield, Mass. At the latter place it stirred up an excitement, of which some notice will be found in an article upon the first page, from the *N. Y. Times*. At Dartmouth, we understand it had such an effect upon the nerves of the conservative President of that institution, the Rev. Dr. Lord, that he found himself unable to sit it out, and so left the platform in a huff. We are impatient to see in print a performance of whose pertinency and power we have such gratifying proofs.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON, we understand, has instituted legal proceedings against Chief Justice Lewis, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, for refusing to grant him a writ of habeas corpus during the period when he was detained in prison by Judge Kane. We wish there were some ground for hope that he might obtain the justice he seeks.

THE REV. J. D. LONG, author of "Pictures of Slavery in Church and State"—a book from which we have given our readers some valuable extracts—has brought upon himself, in full tide, the wrath of the pro-slavery party in the Methodist Church. If he had left the ministry and bought a plantation well stocked with human flesh, he might have held an honoured place in the Church; but having made an honest and fearless exposure of the criminal practices of slaveholding church-members in the Border Conferences, he is, according to the papers, to be put upon trial as a slanderer. The Rev. T. J. (Thomas Jefferson?) Quigley, of Maryland, has preferred against him the following charges: 1st. Misrepresenting the Philadelphia Conference and the border difficulties. 2d. Misrepresenting the people of Maryland and

Miscellaneous Department.

For The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A PICTURE.

BY NORA PERRY.

The fountain played its silver tune
Upon the marble cool and white;
And tenderly the harvest moon
Shone down its blessing to the night.

Shone down upon the velvet lawn,
The terrace steps, the oaken floor,
And whitely touched the ripened corn,
And kissed the long and sandy shore.

Shone down upon her kerchiefed head,
Shone down upon his manly face,
And glorified the cheek of red
Which beamed beside the costly lace.

She looked like Ariadne, there
Upon the rock above the sea,
The moonbeams sleeping in the hair
That struggled vainly to be free.

And once a breeze from out the south
Across the ocean wooing came,
And swept her hair athwart his mouth,
And meshed his heart in sudden flame.

And swept her robe of finest lawn,
The scarf of Andalusian lace,
All perfumed like a rose at dawn,
Athwart his feet, across his face.

He felt her breath, he felt her hands,
As, springing up, she strove to bind
The hair that flung its glittering strands,
The scarf that fluttered to the wind.

Then higher rose the southern breeze,
And fluttered madly scarf and tress;
It dashed the waves, it shook the trees,
It wound them in a fond caress.

And still the fountain babbled on,
Within her mansion by the sea,
And far and wide the moonbeams shone
O'er all the lands of Alice Lee.

Her weary heart hath found the rest
It never found in palace home:
Upon that broad beloved breast
The Sabbath of her soul hath come.

A LETTER FROM LEIGH HUNT

To the American Editor of his Corrected Poetical Works, to be Published in September by Ticknor & Fields.

In collecting, according to your kindly wish, and with the encouragement of distinguished friends of both of us, the whole of my writings in verse for the first time, and in thinking, while doing so, of the quarter of the world in which the collection is to make its first appearance, I have experienced mingled emotions of pleasure and of pain; of pleasure because the collection has been thought worth making—and this too on the side of the Atlantic from which the parents came who would have been delighted to see it; and of pain because, with the exception, perhaps, of some very small pieces, and of some trifles not worth so grave a consideration, it forces me to wish that everything which I have written were a great deal better.

I do not pretend to think that there is no merit in the larger pieces. This would neither be sincere on my part nor becoming towards those persons who have a regard for them. Writings of any kind which have not ceased to be called for by the public cannot be destitute of every species of interest; and this has corroborated an opinion which I am fortunate enough to entertain respecting the varieties and degrees of merit which entitle verse to be called poetry. Between the greatest Epic and Tragic inspiration, and the lightest effusion of wit, there is unquestionably, let one-sided critics assert what they will—for they never venture to argue the point—a multitude of degrees and classes of the art, descending through every species of emotion, grave and gay, all of which emanate from greater or less qualifications for being sung or recited—that is to say, for utterance in verse—and all therefore possess a right to that title of poetry, for which they maintain constant acceptance with the world. Had this not been the case, Anacreon would never have lasted so long as Homer; Horace, who was one of his own mediocrists as regards imagination, would have disappeared with his class of poets before the star of Virgil; Ariosto would have been extinguished by Dante; the "Rape of the Lock" by "Paradise Lost"; and acacias and roses themselves, on the like principle, ought to have been frowned into nothing by the overshadowing of the oak and the pine. A solemn, subtle and transcendental world we might have had of it, but none of its inimitable charms *besides*. Claudes and Watteaus, by the same rule, must have come to nothing, because of Titians and Raphaels; Corellis, because of Beethovens; and a thousand loves and graces of females vanished before the renown of Sappho, and the tremendous coming of Madame de Staël.

In what humble category of poet, or in what humblest corner of the category, if in any at all, the writer of this book may be ranked, it remains perhaps for another and wholly dispassionate generation to pronounce, in case he has the good fortune to reach it. Meantime, gathering such hope as I can from the preceding reflections, I would fain also be of opinion with those who think that judgments in remote places foreshadow those of coming times; and this renders the American call for the volume doubly precious to me.

I have long, indeed, been duly sensible and very proud of the regard manifested for my writings on your side of the water; though corroborations of it, like the present, must needs be a great enhancement of the gratification. The quarrel, it is true, which I had with a certain class of persons whom authors quarrel with in most countries, and which ought rather to have been a quarrel with international laws, ran over a little, not properly, towards the nation itself; for being myself American on the father's and mother's side, I seemed to feel as if all the rest of the family ought to have interfered to adjust what no such body corporate could possibly be expected to meddle with. But of all quarrels, family quarrels are accounted to be the most exacting; and the reason in general why they are so—if the parties were but oftener aware of it—is the same which ought to render them the most forgiving; for it is but love inverted; affection, the more wounded, the more it thinks affection its due. I am no friend of cant of any kind, John's or Jonathan's; but old proverbs are still good; blood is thicker than water; and the pure matter-of-fact truth is, that when Englishmen and Anglo-Americans speak ill of one another, they speak ill of themselves; for they are one people. They inherit the same blood, the same names, the same glories, the same Alfreds and Shakspeares; aye, and related to Englishmen as well as Americans were your illustrious ancestors and relatives, the Lees and Washingtons. Englishmen and Americans have the same good qualities and the same faults; are carrying on the same good of mankind under different forms of free government; and would each have acted, must have acted, precisely in the same manner under the same circumstances. Lee and Washington were obedient royalists, till George the Third himself forced them to be otherwise. Had a sovereign like Queen Victoria been then reigning, reason would have been on the throne, and Washington remained its loving subject. And I venture to add, that if Queen Victoria had chanced to be of Washington's family, she would have been one of the staunchest of his abettors. Birth made me a royalist myself; reflection kept me one in spite of bad kings and "Holy Alliances"; and gratitude has given pleasure to a sentiment, which appears to me to be found in Nature itself, in its graces, and its love of order. But no man respects an honest republican more than I do, or venerates him more if he is great. I can read history in Mr. Bancroft's glowing pages with as much admiration for the great and good men whom he records as I do the most elegant tributes to Alfred himself; and I enter with the like enjoyment into the home-sceneries of your Bryants and Emersons; of your Irvings, Longfellows and Lowells. I know not on which side of republicanism your own political opinions take their stand; whether on the Tory or Whig side, the aristocratical or democratical; for you have said nothing to me on the subject. But this I know, that love for America does not hinder you, or yours, or any other right-minded individual of your nation, from having a regard for the home of his ancestors; nor can I suppose, for a moment, that, apart from a few doubts or difficulties of individuals here and there, the two countries the other day did not equally look upon the idea of a war between them as a thing alike monstrous and impossible. One side of a street in London or New York might surely as well fight with the other, hand with hand; or mouths with their feeders. Nay, I would as soon think of a quarrel between two guardian angels of mankind, in the heavens that overlook us. Devoutly do I think the welfare of the earth committed to the keeping of the two nations; and what could surpass the madness or desecration of two such hands, tearing one another.

But to return to a lighter matter. I used to think that the interest taken by Americans in my writings was caused in great measure by a feeling allied to these kindred considerations; that is to say, by the circumstance above alluded to, of my being more closely related to them by blood than any other British author. Our accomplished friend, W. W. Story—who, by the way, engages regard for his countrymen wherever he goes—differs with me respecting this family predilection. He is of opinion that their reasons for the liking they may have for my books, or for those of any other man, are to be found in the books themselves, apart from any such personal considerations. I have begun, I must own, of late, to qualify my conclusions on this point. I suspect that the secret of American willingness to read what I write lies for the most part in the amount of animal spirits which it develops, your country being nearer to the sun than ours, and the excess of fancy in its jesting having of late years not a little surprised me. Still, I cannot help thinking that relationship has something to do with it; and at all events, it has something to do with the first cause of the animal spirits themselves, for they came to me from those American islanders who were my ancestors in Barbados on the father's side. I have had need of all which their tropical blood could do for me; for dark clouds and bitter winds have been in my sun-shine. My melancholy, indeed, as well as my mirth, originated in America; the former having been my mother's portion, derived from the American Revolution; so that whether I make American readers cheerful or sad, it is to their country I must refer the sources of the emotion. England I must needs love most; for there I was born, and have lived, and loved, and suffered, and rejoiced; and there, when I die, beloved dust awaits to gather me into its bosom. But you know how ready my heart was to turn to America, at the first sound of a sympathetic voice.

I shall never forget the pleasure I felt when the lady of one of your ambassadors introduced me to her daughter with the cordial words that we used towards a friend long known and regarded. Mrs. Lawrence was the first Philadelphia woman I had spoken with since the death of my aunt, Mrs. West, the wife of the painter, which took place when I was young. All Philadelphia womanhood, past as well as present, seemed concentrated in the persons of her and her daughter; and instead of a room full of rank and fashion—for it was in the house of the Prime Minister—my thoughts for a moment, as in some touching incoherence of a dream, were a poor little apartment belonging to a loyalist refugee, with his wife and himself looking with complacency on these American recognitions of their son.

The ambassador himself, on a subsequent occasion, told me that my books were read, and my name was a household word, from one end of the United States to the other. I expressed the acknowledgments that were proper on receiving information so gratifying from so distinguished a person. I could not help being reminded, I must own, by the very popularity, how unprofitable it had been to me. Yet I was obliged to confess to myself, at the same time, how little I had looked to profit; far, indeed, too little, considering what else hung upon it. I had no right, therefore, to quarrel with Fortune, because she had taken me at my word; and while Mr. Lawrence was talking with me, I felt, and I still feel, that had the consequences of my zeal for the progress of opinion allowed me, I could with pleasure have written books as long as I lived, for the Americans, and for all else who chose to read, with no other return than the sense of the advance which I was helping, and of the good will which I excited in readers towards me.

But to return to the book before us. These volumes contain all the verses I have ever published, with the exception of such as have been rejected by me in the course of re-perusal, such other as were written at too early a period of life to possess any character of their own, and portions of an unfinished poem which I still hope to complete. I would fain have abridged the collection into a selection, and this too of a very small kind, in the hope of giving my verses a better chance of surviving me; but the wish was overruled, in deference to the better right of judgment belonging to the world at large, who, in any case, will ultimately keep or reject what they please, perhaps retain nothing. It will all depend upon the existence or non-existence of something peculiar to the book, whatever be the amount of its value; something, whether in matter or in manner, that renders it different from other books, and, upon the whole, agreeable to the reader. If this something be found pervading a book, the book is retained; if it be found in a portion only, whether great or small, the portion is retained; if neither in whole nor in part, book and all must follow into oblivion every superfluous production that has gone before it.

The poems have been put in classes; and the arrangement within the classes—with exception, for obvious reasons, of the translations—is, as nearly as could be recollected, in the order of time. But I have put the Dramatic Poems first, because, besides containing the longest as well as the maturest of my larger productions, I believe them to be the least faulty.

The Legend of Florence, as first written, did not conclude with the death of the husband. He was dismissed into a monastery; and the wife was married to her first lover by "special license" of the Pope, as in the original story; a very special license indeed for that quarter, but suggesting, I think, a more touching as well as more refined and pleasing dramatic treatment. Nor do I believe that those who liked the rest of the play would have disapproved such a conclusion. But it was overruled by the Covent Garden management, who thought it would not be sufficiently "telling." Madame Vestris wished me to let the husband have his wife back again on promise of good behaviour. She thought "all the husbands would like it"; and was of opinion that it would give the play, at once, a run of sixty nights. But I felt that I had a piece of legislation in my hands, and that society demanded an example. So, not being able to divorce the husband, I killed him. I asked Madame Vestris what sort of a husband the man would have turned out, supposing his penitence had been taken for granted, and his wife restored to him. "Oh," cried she, with her usual lively candour, "he would have been as great a brute as ever."

I had some thought of printing the original fifth act in an appendix to the present volumes; but a similar kind of duplicate having already occurred in the instance of the Story of Rimini, I did not like to have two in one book. Miss Ellen Tree, now Mrs. Kean, the charming performer of the heroine, contemplated the possibility of appearing in the piece on the American stage under its first mode of treatment; which she preferred to the alteration. But the prospect vanished from me, with other beautiful stage visions, in which I had hoped she might have borne a part, to the delight of my pen, and the bettering, perhaps, of my little fortunes.

This, and a previous baulk of the kind in another quarter, were the greatest disappointments I ever met with in the latter point of view, and such as most severely taxed my patience. I fancied that every worldly example which I underwent was about to come to nothing before a few years full of delightful work, and of pleasure given to play-goers. The prospect, of course, might have wholly failed, for reasons far less flattering to my imagination; but with the exception of some occasional brief subject, full of interest to me, which will not let my thoughts alone till I embody it, and of another longer one, to which I was impelled by emotions the most peremptory, I never felt the propensity to poetry so strong in me as in writing for the stage. The writing and the hope together gave me, at all events, a great deal of consolation; and I succeeded in one instance beyond my brightest dreams, when the beloved Sovereign, who had already honoured the Legend of Florence more than once by her presence at Covent Garden, commanded it to be played under her own roof.

Hail, grand old Castle of Windsor, with thy mighty historic names and gorgeous heraldries! There is a corner in thee, with one little memory in it, made so great and bright to myself that I may be pardoned for oftener turning my eyes to it in thought than to the richest emblazonment in thy chapel.

With allowance for the mistakes made by the self-love of authors, and for the obstacles that may reasonably oppose them, it is curious to see the mischances that sometimes prevent the appearance of plays. Lovers' Amazements was written for the same theatre that produced the Legend of Florence; but the management was suddenly broken up, and the theatre for a long time remained closed. The delightful actress who performed the heroine in the Legend, was zealous for the production of the new piece in the new theatre, but was disappointed of the performer by whom she had hoped her zeal would have been seconded. Another actress, who had charmed the town, and who had been sent to us by our brethren on your side of the water—Mrs. Mowatt—took a like interest in the piece, and would have appeared in it, when the theatre which *she* adorned was closed by a calamity. And the manager of a fourth theatre, who took a liking to my French officer, said to me, "See what things happen to us. One of my two principal ladies has left me, because she will not play second to the other. Your *Dramatis Personæ* consist of two ladies and two gentlemen, all pretty equally matched, and where are we to get four such persons together? for there is a difficulty as to the gentlemen."

I do not feel sure that this piece would be theatrically effective. Perhaps, if effective at all, it would require a more private and particular audience than is customary. But I print it because it has been in print already, and because it was written of course with that view also. I never write anything but, such as it is, I do my best with it, and take a great deal of pains. At least I have done so for many years past. I have several dramatic pieces in manuscript, great and small, of which I have spoken in my autobiography. But I have grown out of heart with them; and at all events, printing might destroy what value they may still possess as theatrical manuscripts.

Of the Story of Rimini, I am ashamed to say that, the mode of the heroine's death having been again brought under my consideration, I have been obliged to reverse the opinion which I had pronounced to be final, and again to substitute the refashionment of the story made in the year 1849, for the form in which it originally stood. Fortunately for me, I cannot but be sensible that the altered form of the poem surpassed the first one in point of strength; though being loath to part with such portions of the first as were honoured with manly as well as womanly tears, I have taken the liberty of printing them apart, on grounds of their own, as though they were fragments of the story of a different family. And as such I beg readers in future to consider them. I am forced to believe that the two lovers in the veritable matter-of-fact story of Rimini were slain as Dante has intimated they were. I have, therefore, restored what I believe to be my own proper version of the story, and set the lovers in the other version wholly apart from any connection with it, giving them new names. I would fain hope that I have thus contrived to satisfy such of my old and valued readers as were divided in opinion as to which of the two versions had a better claim to indulgence.

So bidding you adieu for the present, my dear friend, and thanking you again and again for all the trouble you have taken with me, and all the rest of the warm-hearted good you would fain do me,

I remain your truly obliged and affectionate friend,

London, May, 1857. LEIGH HUNT.

THE FIRST ÆRIAL VOYAGE IN ENGLAND.

During the whole of the year 1784, the good people of London were greatly agitated upon the novel subject of balloons. Reports of Montgolfier's doings across the channel had raised the curiosity of our wonder-loving grandfathers to the highest pitch; and amid all the din of the great Westminster election, and the rest of the political turmoil of that eventful year, we find the popular mind constantly recurring to the topic with an excitement which is scarcely intelligible to a generation familiar with the mightier glories of steam and the telegraph. The new-born science of aërostation had not then achieved its barren honours, and become the costly pastime of our day. No invention, perhaps, in the history of man had opened to the imagination so many brilliant promises. The papers were filled with curious speculations upon the uses to which the newly applied principle might be put. Bishop Wilkins's favourite theory of a voyage to the moon was seriously revived by more than one enthusiast. Others, less sanguine, were content to congratulate themselves upon the great discoveries in astronomy which must necessarily result from a nearer view of the planets; while the more practical anticipated a time when aërial navigation would supersede the commerce of the seas, and drive the flying wagons from the Great North Road. Ballooning became quite a fashionable mania. Little balloons of painted silk, in all kinds of gay and quaint devices, floated about in boudoirs; and questions concerning the varieties of "inflammable airs" and the "elasticity of vapours" formed subjects of drawing room discussion. Experiments with fire-balloons upon Montgolfier's principle were so common, and caused so many fires, that the City authorities were compelled to prohibit the practice. Rumours of approaching ascents were always in circulation. Intrepid "air-voyagers" were constantly about to ascend, first at Kensington, then at Greenwich, and afterwards from Whitehall Gardens; but somehow or other, either the gas or the courage of the artist was sure to ooze out at the last moment, and the event never came off.

Among those who were greatly interested in the experiments at Paris was Vincent Lunardi, a young Italian attached to the Neapolitan embassy. He had dabbled a little in aërostatics with Zambeccari, and had conceived an ardent ambition to be "the first navigator of the English atmosphere." His scientific acquirements do not appear to have been very extensive, and his variations from the track of the French discoverers were few and questionable. It was said by his enemies that he was "more of the showman than the servant," and it is probable that notoriety rather than science was the object of his courtship; but at any rate, we cannot refuse him the credit of being the pioneer in an enterprise requiring skill and courage in no small degree. Sir Joseph Banks, the president of the Royal Society, and Dr. Fordyce, the eminent chemist, were among those who interested themselves in his work, and to them he was indebted in a great measure for its successful issue. Early in July, Lunardi informed the public that he was constructing a balloon in which he intended to ascend from the gardens of Chelsea Hospital. "The gallery, oars, and wings," said the advertisement, "are already made, and to be seen at the Lyceum in Exeter Change, Strand, where the balloon is now making, and will be finished in about a fortnight." At the same time, in order to defray his expenses, which had been heavy, he issued tickets of admission to the ascent at a guinea and half-a-guinea each. Before the end of the month, however, he had the mortification of seeing a rival candidate enter the field. A Frenchman, named Moret, had also completed a balloon, and fixed the trial for the 12th of August, the day before Lunardi's. His announcements drew together a vast concourse of people, who patiently watched the preparations from one till four o'clock; and when every effort was seen to fail, and the balloon at last sunk into the fire which ought to have expanded it, the mob, conceiving the whole affair an imposture, broke into the enclosure, tore up the apparatus, and destroyed a great amount of property in the neighbourhood. Lunardi chuckled finely over this catastrophe; but his triumph was short, for the governor of the Chelsea Hospital, fearing a repetition of the riot on the morrow, immediately wrote to countermand his permission for the use of the gardens; and so his ascent had to be indefinitely postponed. It was in vain that he solicited private proprietors: the risk of a failure—and in that case, the certainty of a mob—prevented all negotiation. At length, after many wearisome delays, he obtained leave from the Artillery Company to ascend from their ground in Moorfields; but he was compelled to find sureties for any damage that might happen to the property; and even with these precautions, so great was the prejudice against him that permission was only carried in the council by the casting-vote of Sir Watkin Lewis, the colonel. The day was fixed for the 15th of September; but at the last moment another difficulty arose. The unprincipled proprietor of the Lyceum, who had made a good thing of the exhibition, was unwilling to lose his chief attraction; and, taking advantage of Lunardi's ignorance of English law, positively refused to allow the balloon to be removed till he was secured a share in the present and all future advantages to be derived from it. Such monstrous extortion was of course resisted. Sir Sampson Wright, the presiding magistrate at Bow Street, ordered it to be forcibly wrested from his possession; and after a desperate struggle between the police and the employés of the Lyceum, it was safely lodged in the artillery-ground the day before the ascent.

Next morning, all London was on the move towards Moorfields. By twelve o'clock, the large square, or rather parallelogram, which formed the fashionable promenade of old London, and is now occupid by Finsbury Circus and the adjacent streets, was one mass of human beings. Every roof and window from which a view could be obtained was thronged with eager gazers. Along the front, and towering high above the whole scene, were the gloomy buildings of the old Bedlam, the wretched inmates of which were allowed to be spectators, and exchange coarse ribaldry with the mob beneath. The fact of this vicinage, and the resemblance between Lunardi and lunatic, had been the themes of innumerable puns and witticisms for days past; and the populace, appreciating the joke, with rough humour, were continually roaring out to him to "go inside." The enclosure is occupied by the Artillery Company, under arms, and the subscribers who have paid for admission; but the prevailing fears have prevented many from attending. In the centre of the ground, warded on every side by strong barriers, is the balloon, which differs in many respects from the "Great Nassau" and "Royal Alberts" of our time. It is about 32 feet in height, and 102 in circumference, and is composed of alternate strips of blue and red silk, strongly incased in net-work. The gallery, or car, is a thick wooden box, suspended from the balloon by forty-five ropes, and decorated on either side with two large leathern wings—a pet invention of Lunardi's—which he imagines will enable him to steer his course through the new regions he is about to visit. Almost all the men of mark in politics or literature then in town were grouped around it, including among others the Prince of Wales, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Joseph Banks. Rogers the poet was also there; and his recently published *Table-talk* records an incident of the scene. Fox, growing impatient at the delay, put his hand to his watch and found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. "My friend," said he to the owner of the strange hand, "you have chosen an occupation which will some day be your ruin." "Oh, Mr. Fox," was the reply, "pray forgive me, and let me go; I have a wife and six children starving at home." Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into his hand, and then released it. At the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what time it was. "Good God!" said he, "my watch is gone." "Yes," said his brother, General Fox, "I know it is. I saw your friend take it." "Saw him take it, and made no attempt to stop him!" was the indignant response. "Really," said General Fox, "you and he appeared to be on such good terms that I did not choose to interfere."

It is now half-past one, and Dr. Fordyce is still engaged in filling the balloon with "inflammable air," through a complicated arrangement of leathern nooses. The gas itself is hydrogen, manufactured from an infusion of zinc in vitriolic acid, the properties of common coal-gas being then unknown. Lunardi and Mr. Biggin, the gentleman who is to accompany him, are busily engaged in completing their preparations; and the visitors around them, with true English love of betting, are giving and taking the odds about the probability of their return alive. The hour fixed for the ascent is passed; and the mob outside, pent up in narrow quarters since an early hour in the morning, are beginning to get clamorous. Dr. Fordyce thinks the balloon is not sufficiently inflated to take up its freight, for at present it is only pear-shaped; but with the horrid populace in prospect, it is not considered advisable to wait any longer. Lunardi and his friend jump into the car; there is an anxious pause, and after a moment's vibration, the cumbrous machine reclines heavily to mother-earth. A murmur of dissatisfaction runs through the assembly, and each man begins to feel himself duped. Already the sensitive aëronaut hears his ascent pronounced an imposition, and himself branded as a swindler. All is confusion and uproar, for the hoarse roar of the living sea without threatens havoc, and the courtiers are entreating the prince to leave the ground. "The displeasure hanging over us," says Lunardi, "would have been fatal, if in one moment Mr. Biggin had not the heroism to relinquish, and I the resolution to go alone." A smaller car is hastily substituted, and, half-dead with his many anxieties, he rushes into it. There is a warm farewell from his personal friends, for every one looks upon his return as very problematical. The prince and all the company with one accord take off their hats; the ropes are cut, and with the boom of the signal-gun, the first English balloon rises buoyantly into the air amid the frantic acclamations of nearly 200,000 spectators, who only a moment before had been indulging in the loudest shouts of menace. "Insensible," said the *Morning Post* of the next day, "must that heart be which did not feel itself anxious and interested at that moment for the fate of him who intrepidly stepped into his seat, and, Phaeton-like, seized the reins which were to guide the chariot of the sun."

At the distance of about twenty yards, it descended towards the ground; but, continues the reporter in the same style, "roused by ambition and spirit of philosophical researches, Mr. Lunardi rebuked its fear, and gave swiftness to its airy flight." In the account of his trip, which Lunardi published soon after, he enters at length into his sensations. "I saw," he says, "all London beneath me like an enormous bee-hive, but the industry of it was suspended. All the moving mass seemed to have no object but myself; and the transition from the suspicion and contempt of the preceding hour, to the affectionate transport, admiration, and glory of the present, was not without its effect on my mind."

He tells us that the critics are wrong in holding terror to be an ingredient in every sublime sensation, for he was never freer from apprehension in his life, and speaks in ecstacies of the motion, compared with which "the broomsticks of the witches, Ariosto's flying-horse, and even Milton's sunbeam conveying the angel to the earth, have all an idea of effort, difficulty, and restraint." At half-past three he descended in a corn-field near South Mimms in Hertfordshire, where he landed a cat that he had brought with him, and again reascended. He contrived to bring himself down by working with his oars, and had therefore expended none of his gas. After an hour's further journey, during which he wrote and threw down several letters to his friends, he finally lowered himself over a meadow in the parish of Standon, near Ware. Some labourers were at work underneath him, and Lunardi begged their assistance to secure the balloon, but they all appeared horror-struck, and refused to move. One excused himself because he was too short; another said he did not like the look of it; and a third honestly declared he would have nothing to do with one who came on the "devil's horse." Upon his nearer approach, they fairly took to their heels; and the disembarkation would have been attended with great danger, had it not been for the spirit of a young girl who grasped a rope which Lunardi threw her, and held it till General Smith and other gentlemen who had followed him from London on horseback came up. The new-comers aided in securing the machine, and bore off Lunardi in triumph to the Bull Inn at Ware, and afterwards to Bayford Bury, the seat of Mr. Baker, the member for Hertford.

Such was the prosperous ending of the first aërial excursion in England. Lunardi, of course, became the lion of the town. The journals were filled with odes in praise of his daring; the king sent for him to court, and the lord-mayor feasted him in the city. In the curious little brochure published on the occasion, he recounts with great gravity many incidents connected with his journey. While he hovered over London, George III. was holding a cabinet council. On being told the balloon was passing, his majesty said: "We may resume our deliberations at pleasure, but we may never see poor Lunardi again." The conference immediately broke up, and the king and Mr. Pitt took to their telescopes. One young lady mistook one of the oars which he accidentally dropped from the balloon for the aëronaut himself, and was so affected with the circumstance that she took to her bed and died soon after. A judge to whom he mentioned this circumstance, at the Mansion-house dinner, told him not to be concerned at the loss he had occasioned, for he had undoubtedly saved the life of a notorious house-breaker, whose jury were so amazed at the novel sight over the Old Bailey that they incontinently returned a verdict of acquittal.

The success of his first attempt induced Lunardi to make several other trials in various parts of the kingdom. The year following he went to Edinburgh, where he made two ascents from the gardens of Heriot's Hospital, the last of which considerably cooled his passion for aëronautics, as, the winds being unpropitious, he fell into the sea near the Isle of May, and, after a bath of many hours, was picked up by some fishermen, half dead with cold and hunger.—*Chambers's Journal.*

BERANGER, THE LYRIC POET.

Il vient d'expirer sur la lyre,
Parny n'est plus.—BERANGER.

The most interesting item in the last European news is the announcement of the death of Béranger, the great French song-writer. He was one of the few eminent literary men who remained in France after the usurpation of the present Emperor, whose family name his songs did much to make popular.

Pierre-Jean de Béranger was born on the 17th of August, 1780, at Paris, in the house of his grandfather, a poor tailor. When nine years old he went to live with an aunt, a small inkeeper, in the suburbs of Peronne. Here he served as tavern-boy for five years, and was then apprenticed to a printer. He soon entered the *Institute Patriotique*, a school founded by M. Ballue, upon the system of Rosseau. At the age of seventeen he was residing at the casting-vote of Sir Watkin Lewis, the colonel. The day was fixed for the 15th of September; but at the last moment another difficulty arose. The unprincipled proprietor of the Lyceum, who had made a good thing of the exhibition, was unwilling to lose his chief attraction; and, taking advantage of Lunardi's ignorance of English law, positively refused to allow the balloon to be removed till he was secured a share in the present and all future advantages to be derived from it. Such monstrous extortion was of course resisted. Sir Sampson Wright, the presiding magistrate at Bow Street, ordered it to be forcibly wrested from his possession; and after a desperate struggle between the police and the employés of the Lyceum, it was safely lodged in the artillery-ground the day before the ascent.

M. Bonaparte showed that he deserved his reputation as a patron of letters. He sent for the young poet, and assisted him both with advice and money.

During the years 1805–6 Béranger was assistant editor of the "*Annales des Musée*," and in 1809 received an appointment to a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of the University of Paris, with a salary of $240. In 1813 he became a member of the "Caveau," a society which required of him an initiation fee of vene. His reception by that body determined his future career; and when his first collection of poems appeared in 1815, they were already familiar to the public. His second collection, published in 1821, cost him his clerkship and several months' imprisonment. A third publication, in 1828, subjected him to a severer imprisonment and a heavy fine. The fine was paid by his friends. In his prison Béranger wrote with yet more point and severity, and assisted as much as any one to accomplish the successful revolution of 1830. His friends, being now in power, desired to give him some fitting acknowledgment of his services, and offered him titles and offices, but he rejected the spoils of victory and retired to Tours, where he completed a fourth collection of songs. Louis Philippe showed no greater favour to the free expression of liberal opinions than the elder Bourbons. But in all his adversity, Béranger was sustained by a cheerful temper and the cultivation of the muse. After the proclamation of the Republic in 1848, his great popularity secured his return as a Member of the Legislative Assembly, but he claimed exemption from the arduous duties of this office, on the ground of old age. Since then he has lived in Paris, free from the anxieties and vexations of politics.

His means of support only sufficed with the strictest frugality, yet he resisted all the efforts even of imperial munificence to increase his comforts.

Speaking of Béranger, a Paris correspondent says:

"The author of *Dieu des bonnes gens* has shown, they say, but little disposition to talk of religious matters. One of his biographers, M. Loménie, has said, 'It is not proper to confound him with Voltaire, who believed neither in God nor the Devil. There is at times in Béranger a very elevated religious inspiration. He meets death, in fact, with great religious serenity.'

'The great national chansonnier yesterday delivered various MSS. to his friends. It is known that Béranger has written his memoirs; he has spoken of them in a preface of his works in a way to pique curiosity. He called its pages 'A Dictionary of Celebrated Men. Under each name,' said he, 'will be placed my recollections and my judgments, and, perhaps, posterity will one day say, The judicious Béranger—why not?'"

The disease of which Béranger died is characterized by physicians as hypertrophy of the heart, with the consequent infiltration. One of the cleverest Paris *feuilletonistes*, writing on the 10th instant, says:

"The poet receives nearly all visitors who are not unknown to him, for he is one of those men whose very death is a spectacle for curiosity. Potier, the celebrated comedian, in his last hours received a visit from an Englishman, whom he had never seen, and who had no other motive in calling but to be able to inscribe in his journal that he had seen Potier the actor die. The islander probably supposed, too, that there would be something droll in the last agonies of a comedian of Potier's fame, and that his last sigh would be extremely comical. It was nothing of the kind, however. Potier died like a *bourgeois*, without letting a funny word escape him, only, as the Englishman overwhelmed him with questions about his *repertoire*, the parts he had played, his successes and compliments, Potier remarked: 'My dear sir, as you are in such good health and I am about to die, I have a favour to ask of you: will you please to answer us well as ask the questions?'

"Béranger appeared to be resigned, if not as a Christian, as a philosopher, to his approaching end. At the funeral of David D'Angers, and just at the moment when the poet passed through the crowd, a workman said, with a grave voice, 'God keep you, Béranger.' 'Be it so, my friend,' was the reply, 'but not too long.'

"They say that for a man who has reached his years, life becomes a crushing burden, and that this is the significance of the legend of the 'Wandering Jew.' New generations bring with them, so to speak, a new atmosphere, in which the old breathe with difficulty. When a man has placed the stone under which lies the last of his contemporaries, what can he do in the world? A day of sad isolation seems to have dawned upon Béranger when, two years ago, he buried the faithful companion of his life. He died like Voltaire, the whole society suspended on the bulletins of physicians, and he may be said to witness his own funeral.

"Béranger is the sole surviving idol of passed popularities. At Rome, when Cæsar succeeded a Cæsar, he caused the statues of his predecessors to be cast into the Tiber. Our revolutions have proceeded in much the same way. Béranger resisted the flood which swept away all the renown of his time. Skeptics have tried to tamper with his impregnable disinterestedness; in his simple and secluded life, refusing all the advances of fortune and social distinction, they pretended to see a pride superior to those gratifications which satisfy other men. But the people have continued to be impressed with the democratic character of Béranger's life; they have seen in him not only the voice of their country, but the precursor *des temps egalitaires*. It is in this latter aspect that he is an especial object of their sympathies.

"There is no doubt that the funeral of Béranger will be the occasion of an immense movement of the population of Paris. And when we recollect that funeral ceremonies under the restoration and under the monarchy of July were the pretext of popular demonstrations, it is to be supposed that the attention of the government is directed to the matter. To conduct this glorious burial in the night time, and clandestinely, would appear to be impossible and dangerous; the discontent which such a step would provoke would descend even to the masses who are devoted to the empire.

"It seems to us that on this occasion logic and policy give the same advice. If any man has contributed to build Napoleon-worship in Paris, it is Béranger. The empire, then, has a right to take the head of the convoy. This is the course the government will probably adopt."

The remark of the feuilletonist was prophetic. By the steamer to-day we learn that the funeral was very numerously attended, but that it was conducted by the government.—*Evening Post.*

JOHN HANCOCK.

At a late meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society a paper was read by James S. Loring, author of "The Hundred Boston Orators," upon John Hancock, that signer of the Declaration of Independence who, as Wendell Phillips once said in one of his speeches, wrote his name so large that George the Third could read it across the Atlantic. Mr. Loring, says the Boston *Traveller*, in entering the room, brought with him a small cedar-box, which was placed on the table before him. The title of his paper was "The Days of Hancock," and in its connection he displayed from the box a court vest and small clothes of Hancock himself, which had been preserved in the Hancock family from the days of the Revolution until the present time. The coat is of scarlet velvet, spreading downward to the knees, with ruffles on the sleeves, after the style of the coat in the Warren statue, for which this was a model; also for the statue of Hancock, now in progress by Dr. Stone for the halls of Congress. The vest is of rich blue, spreading below the chest, is richly embroidered with lace, and spangles, with fine wire-covered buttons. The breeches are of olive silk plush. These ancient garments were handed round and appeared on inspection to be in most excellent preservation.

What son of liberty, remarked Mr. Loring, can view these relics of the immortal Hancock without emotion? He it was who vehemently said to Joseph Warren and others, just five days after the battle of Lexington, "Boston must be *entered;* the troops must be sent away; our friends are valuable, but OUR COUNTRY MUST BE SAVED. I have an interest in that town. We must have the Castle and stop up the harbour."

When John Adams was one day, in 1766, walking in the mall on Boston Common, accidentally meeting Samuel Adams, they came in full view of John Hancock's mansion. Samuel Adams, pointing to the stone edifice, said to John Adams, "This town has done a wise thing to day. They have made that young man's fortune their own." The town had that day elected him to the Bay Province Legislature. Mr. Adams's prediction was literally fulfilled, for no man's property was ever more entirely devoted to the public. Had he, however, persevered in mercantile enterprise, he could have erected another splendid Vatican. While engaged in commerce, more than a thousand families were more or less dependent upon him for daily bread, and his enterprise, public spirit and courtesy had the admiration of all Bostonians.

At about the period of the battle of Lexington, Mr. Hancock probably wore his scarlet velvet coat. On that eventful day Mr. Samuel Adams discovered Mr. Hancock busily occupied in cleaning his gun and sword. Putting his hand on the shoulder of Mr. H. Mr. Adams said, "That is not our business. We are of the Cabinet." Here, at noon, according to Rev. Mr. Sewell, they, together with Dorothy Quincy, his betrothed, had just sat down to a luxurious dinner, when a man rushed in and gave the alarm of the impending conflict. They were conducted along a cart path to Billerica, where they were pleased to partake of a dinner of cold salt pork and potatoes, served in a wooden tray, and then hastened to the house of Mr. Marett, now standing in Burlington, and occupied at that time by Rev. Samuel Sewell. Hancock was accompanied by his affianced bride, who became his wife on the 28th of August of that year.

Mr. Hancock wore at home a green damask or Chinese loose gown, and when out the wig and three-cornered hat, silk stockings and brilliant shoe buckles. He opposed the practice of wearing mourning at funerals, on account of the great expense of funeral habiliments. At the funeral of his dear and only son, who was killed by a contusion of the head while skating on the ice at Milton, in 1787, he was dressed in a roquelet, enveloping his scarlet velvet coat. Occasionally he wore a coat of dark satin. He was always the liberal patron of John S. Copley, the painter, who was then his only neighbour down Beacon street, of which Mr. H. had about five acres. When Hancock died, the family mansion and adjacent property were valued at £5,000. He had a large store of horses, but never sold them; often, however, presenting one to some clergyman for his parish visitations. He had in his coach-house an elegant carriage, which, when he went abroad, was drawn by four horses, either black, bay or white.

No one in Boston was stronger in the affections of his servants than Mr. Hancock, and the fame of African Cato of the Hancock house, the skilful flute player, postillion and waiter, will be ever remembered. On one occasion the Governor, it is related, indulged his servants, in 1792, with the privilege of a great entertainment in his festive hall at his expense, and composed of coloured people, which was thus amusingly parodied by a political opponent, Richard Alsop, it being a part of the New Year's Address of the Hartford *American Mercury* of 1793:

And lo! where, o'er the Eastern shores,
Bostonia lifts her haughty towers,
What motley scenes salute our eyes,
What wonders upon wonders rise,
When each succeeding day still brings
A mixture strange of various things.
* * * * *
These plays then heathen names forsake,
And those of moral lessons take,
While thus baptised they hope to win
Indulgence for all future sin.
Now Hancock, fired with patriot rage,
Proscribes these morals of the stage,
Claps Harper under civil durance,
For having dared, with vile assurance,
By interludes and plays profane
Pollute the glories of his reign.
Now prompt to assert the rights of man,
On Nature's most ext